

IMPROVEMENT ERA

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS AND THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS OF THE CHURCH
OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS



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"Why I Am a Mormon" is the title of a book of two hundred and twelve pages, published and copyrighted by O. F. Ursenbach, the author. It is written in answer to questions often put to the author, asking why he has affiliated with so unpopular a religious body as the Latter-day Saints. He has aimed to give a reason for the existence of the "Mormon" Church, an outline of the belief and practice of its members, and discussed some of the evidences of scientific research that testify to its divine origin. The book is dedicated to the youth of Zion, to investigators of the truth, and to the author's children. The closing chapter of the eleven is devoted to a strong personal testimony. Throughout the work there is evidence of convincing earnestness in the heart of the writer, relating to the points at issue.

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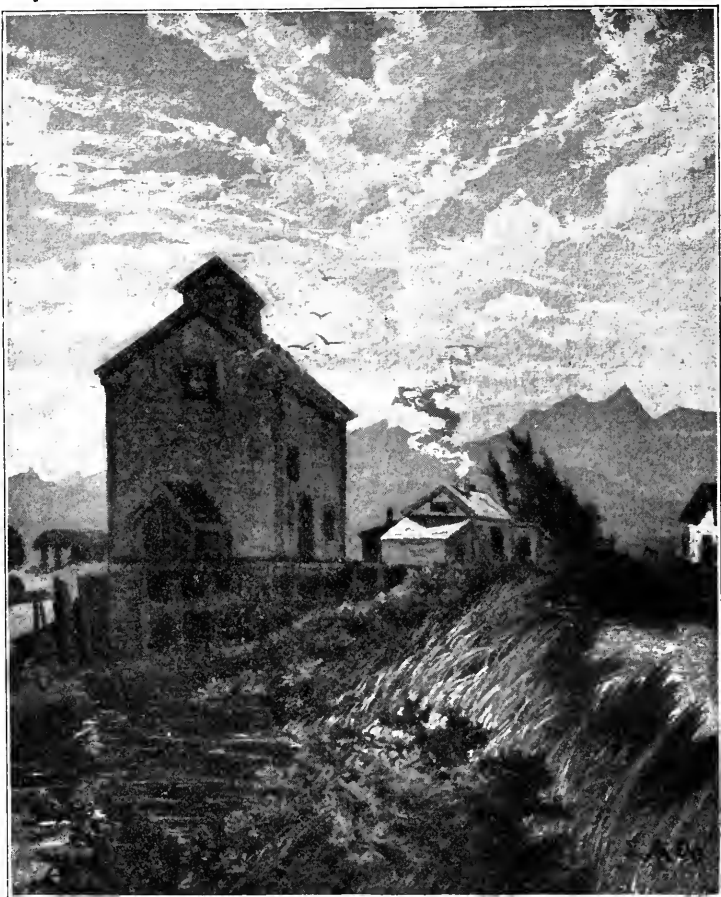
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MORNING BY THE MILL.

Dim show the hills beyond the rustic mill,
Whose massive wheel is still in idleness ;
One touch of light where the waste waters spill,
Tells how that morn doth scatter drowsiness.

In argent clouds now float the risen mists,
That late the verdant willows diademed,
The tangled growth where worked night's alchemist,
Milk-weeds, and briars, thistles, dewy-gemmed.

A. L.



MORNING BY THE MILL.

SKETCH BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE.

Made in 1890 on the present site of the Lehi Sugar works.

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. XIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1910.

No. 11

The Colonizers of Utah.

BY LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, B. S., OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH.

[The author has kindly permitted the ERA to print this introductory chapter of his forthcoming *History of Education in Utah*, a work of exceptional merit, the manuscript of which is completed, and will soon be issued in book form.—EDITORS.]

Come, my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready;
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,
We must march, my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
We, the youthful, sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you youths, western youths!
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you, western youths, see you tramping with the foremost,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind;
We debauch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world:
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountain steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing, as we go the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

O you daughters of the West!
O you young and elder daughters! O you mothers and you wives!
Never must you be divided, in your ranks you move united,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Has the night descended?
Was the road of late so toilsome? Did we stop discouraged, nodding
on our way?
Yet a passing hour I yield you, in your tracks to pause oblivious,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Till with sound of trumpet,
Far, far off the day-break call. Hark! How loud and clear I hear
it wind;
Swift, to the head of the army! Swift, spring to your places!
Pioneers! O pioneers!

—*Walt Whitman.*

The colonizers of Utah were sturdy frontiersmen, born and bred in the school of experience. Wilderness breakers of a high type, they built their homes on the frontier, where a wild surrounding country forced them to a primitive type of living. Tillers of the soil, they had learned the law of adaptability, enabling them in time to turn the gray sage-brush desert into private gardens. Descendants of the Puritans and Quakers, their forefathers had helped Oliver Cromwell establish law and liberty in England. They had inherited the honest and God-fearing characteristics of the Teuion, and to these traits were added still stronger race constituents, because of their long life in the world of mental and muscular activity. Their fathers had fought and suffered in those wars that had firmly established our independence, and true to their instincts, they lost their feelings of sectionalism and isolation, and gave their allegiance first and always to the government of the United States. Their nationalistic spirit is shown in the words of Brigham Young, delivered to the people at the celebration held in Salt Lake City, July 4, 1856, in honor of Independence

Day. After the reading of the Constitution of the United States, Governor Young said:

Eighty years ago, on the day we now celebrate, our forefathers, few in numbers, but strong in their united love of right, declared to the mother country and to the world that they were, "and of a right ought to be free and independent." The oppression which hastened this declaration, the long struggle, the sacrifices and hardships that followed, and the glorious results are so well known, that I need not ask your patience by rehearsing them upon this occasion. . . . Glancing at the past, perhaps we as a people have more reason to respect, honor, love and cherish the government of the United States, her Constitution and her free institutions, than any other people on the face of the earth.

We are occupying a region well known as being peculiarly desirable, and one hitherto unsettled by the whites. We are almost a thousand miles from the nearest seaport. We are hemmed in by lofty mountains on every side, while numerous isolated ranges, and barren, arid plains so crowd our surface, that but a small portion of it is suited to the purposes of settlement. In even those narrow localities, ditches and canals have to be made by much labor, in order to irrigate soil whereon rain seldom falls from early in spring to late in autumn. And when all has been done that could be, towards supplying the thirsty crops, the husbandman is oft compelled to witness the products of his toil droop and die ere maturity, through the failure of the few small streams, so laboriously brought under control. . . . But amid all these disadvantages we are trying to extend the area of freedom, and to gladden the most uninviting domain of a great nation with the blessings and privileges of her free institutions. . . . The true principles of a republican form of government can be based only in a high tone and sense of honor; liberal, enlightened, and intelligent and extended views of human existence and progress and a faithful, unyielding, rigid and patriotic adherence to the Constitution and laws of the country.

The pioneers of Utah were a community of fixed purpose. Their remoteness from civilization, and their intense love for and devotion to religion, their identity of tasks and dangers, and the primitive life imposed upon them, developed a society of brotherhood and equality. Always optimistic, they had those verile qualities which made them win "in the stern strife of actual life." Devout students of the Bible, they took for their guide in all their actions and social life a splendid system of Christian ethics,

it was their deep religious feelings, together with their thriftiness, that made them a strong and fearless people. When the little band of weary pilgrims halted in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, July 24, 1847, the leader, Brigham Young, saw for the first time the difficult problem before them. The land was bleak and sterile, without grace and softness. Bathed always by the sun's hottest rays, the rainfall was limited, making the country an ardent and inanimate picture. Men in search of wealth would never have settled upon the shores of the Great Salt Lake. Pioneers go, as a rule, where wealth and plenty hold out an inviting hand, where nature appears to be friendly, and where the earth and sky co-operate for man's advantage. A land of solitude, it was the home of the rattlesnake and the wolf. Wild grass, sage-brush and grease wood covered the valleys and foot hills. Few trees there were, yet the red anemone and violet grew along the streams. The mountains were misty and gloomy, and were cracked by the heat. A few miles to the west, lay the gleaming waters of America's Dead Sea, a mysterious sheet of water, leaden, heavy and almost motionless, but now and then throwing upon its shores driftwood, stripped of all bark, and whitened like bones in a desert waste. But those pioneers of '47 had faith in the soil. Explorers and trappers had passed through the Valley of Great Salt Lake. They saw, however, only a desert. Brigham Young and his people saw the possibilities of the desert. All that was needed was water, and then would the sage-brush land prove of inestimable worth for agriculture. From time immemorial have arid regions been productive of high civilizations. The valleys of Mesopotamia and the Nile have fairly teemed with luxuriant fields of grain, as a result of their wonderful irrigation systems. And in modern times Brigham Young fathered irrigation for the redemption of the arid West.

On the morning of the arrival of the "Mormon" party into the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, they planted potatoes, after which they turned the water upon the ground and gave the seed "quite a good soaking." On July 26, the brethren were quite busily employed in wooding their plows, harrows, etc., and in ploughing and planting and doing work in various branches preparatory to farming. The "Mormons" made quick work of the redemption of the soil,

and in a few years thriving settlements were found in all the surrounding valleys near Salt Lake City. The people were compelled to turn to the material pursuits of life, and never have a people made greater economic and intellectual strides in so short a time. Said Theodore Roosevelt in the "Mormon" Tabernacle at Salt Lake City, May, 1903:

Here in this state the pioneers, and those who came after them, took the land that would not ordinarily be chosen as a land that would yield returns for little effort. You took a territory which at the outset was called after the desert, and you literally—not figuratively—you literally made the wilderness blossom as the rose. The fundamental element in building up Utah has been the work of the citizens of Utah. And you did it because your people entered in to possess the land, and to leave it after them to their children and to their children's children. You here, whom I am addressing, and your predecessors, did not come here to exploit the land and then go somewhere else. You came in, as the governor of the state has said, as home makers, to make homes for yourselves and for those who should come after you. And this is the only way in which a state can be built up. And I say to all of you, and all of your people, from one ocean to another, especially the people of the arid and semi-arid regions, the people of the great plains, the people of the mountains, approach the problem of taking care of the physical resources of the country in the spirit that has made Utah what it is.

By 1850, some fifteen thousand souls had made their way across the plains and had settled in the valleys of Utah. The people had been steadily working, and from the epistles issued from time to time by the presidency of the "Mormon" Church, we glean the following statements, that show what the people were doing. In the fourth general epistle, issued at the close of the year 1850, we read:

On the twelfth day of May, peach trees of two years' growth were in bloom; and several trees of the same age in different parts of the valley alternately bloomed until the 29th, when currants, beans, peas, etc., put forth their blossoms, and nature smiled with prospects of early fruits. But on the 7th of June, the snow fell freely in the surrounding mountains, followed by a severe frost on the 18th, and a slight one on the 19th, which injured the vines and tender plants. Yet we feel confident that this valley will yet produce the choicest fruits, as it does

now the richest vegetables. . . . The weather has been more cloudy, the nights warmer, and the showers more frequent in the heat of summer, and vegetation more rapid this season than hitherto, consequently artificial irrigation has been less needed, which has been a great blessing; for during the irrigating season there were not men enough in the valley to water the immense fields of grain, had it been as dry as some previous seasons.

The crops have been abundant in all the settlements of Deseret this season. Many of the inhabitants of the city are leaving their good homes this fall, and taking up land in the country, preparatory for extensive farming operations, and many who are now arriving in their midst are gathering in companies of tens, twenties and fifties to act in concert in preparing to feed the friends we are calling home.

Our state house is enclosed; the walls are nearly ready for plastering, and we have no doubt that the several departments will be ready for their several uses—the sitting of the General Assembly; the High School rooms; the printing office, and tithing, post and recording office—the coming winter.

There are several extensive store houses completed, and near completion, in our city, and goods sufficient in quality and variety, with the exception of groceries, for the necessities of the people for another season.

We anticipate some relief in the sugar market next season, from the culture of sugar beets and its manufacture, but this can make but little impression the first year, as we are not informed of more than one or two bushels of the genuine sugar beet seed in the valley; though we know of no country where a greater quantity of saccharine matter is produced in vegetation than this.

Many scores of emigrants are arriving in the valley, and have witnessed our location, peace, union and prosperity, and though not professing to believe the doctrines of Christ, are making their way home as fast as possible, to bring their families hither where they can enjoy health in a land of civil and religious liberty, and where they find themselves free to do right.

Preparations are made for the establishment of a Parent School for qualifying teachers for primary and infant schools throughout the state; for enclosing the university lands, a plot of about six hundred acres, directly east of the city; and for everything else which may tend to facilitate the improvement of the old and the young alike, in the knowledge of the arts and sciences, and general intelligence.

One can see that the Utah pioneers were a thrifty people.

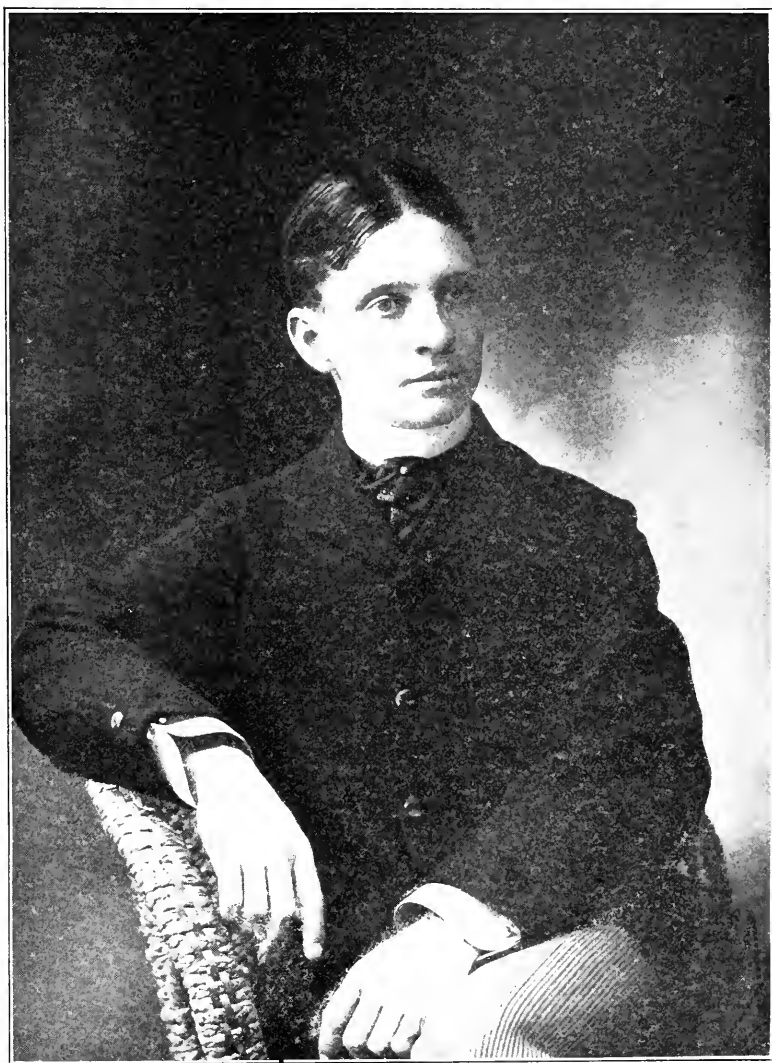
They put every effort forward to establish homes and cities, schools and public institutions, that would equal the best in the land. They built roads and bridges, they established stage lines and mail routes from city to city, and town to town. They planted gardens and fields of wheat, and carried with them wherever they went the Anglo-Saxon love for law and order. In fifty years the wilderness had been reduced, and Utah was one of the foremost states of the Union, economically and intellectually. Machinery, steam and electricity, together with the directing force of a thrifty people have made Utah what it is today.

The industrial history of Utah alone is one of the most phenomenal in history. It was here in the mountain fastnesses where men were taught to hew out their own careers, and to develop inventiveness and resourcefulness. "The restraints of custom were broken, and new lines of growth and new institutions were produced." The people became western, and it is the West that has emphasized the worth and power of the common man. It took man and made him over. It created new ideals. It gave him new and weighty problems to solve, and it taught him the fundamental law of democracy. He became nationalistic and democratic to the core. "The West admired a self-made man, and was ready to follow its hero with the enthusiasm of a section more responsive to personality than to the program of trained statesmen. The West was a self-confident section, believing in its rights to share in government, and troubled by no doubts of its capacity to rule."—*Frederick J. Turner*.

The soil was looked to first, and Utah prides herself that from the beginning her chief industry has been agriculture. The tilling of the soil is the highest safe-guard to all government and civilization, and unlike the miners of Nevada and California, the settlers of Utah turned to the raising of wheat and potatoes, and the conquering of the soil and the elements. Their religion was expressed in the hardest kind of toil, for the rainfall of the Great Desert was only about ten inches a year, and the sage-brush waste was indeed discouraging. But their hope was in keeping with their dreams, and they were a thrifty people. The "Mormon" pioneer understood better than any one else that the secret of all life in its best is to lay a secure and solid foundation. Brigham

Young directed the settling not only of the city of Salt Lake but of all the cities and towns of the State, and as a consequence there was set up the typical Teutonic township form of government throughout the state, that form of government which the Puritans brought to the shores of America and made it at the beginning the unit of government in the United States. Wherever one finds the Teutonic township developed one will always find the highest and most democratic form of government on the face of the globe. Brigham Young was a typical New Englander, and he naturally had a knowledge of Puritan institutions. His village system was a type of the best in America. Every town was systematically laid out, with broad streets and walks, and on each side a stream of water and an avenue of trees. They were very picturesque, these Utah villages, in time. The houses of the people stood back from the street some few rods, and the people lived side by side in the pure democratic way of olden times.

This system, as Mr. John Fiske pointed out, implies an abundance of land, and the head of each family owns a home. There was no social nor political distinction. In the house there was no domestic service that was not performed by the mother and daughters, and on the outside, the owner had workmen, but they were in no sense looked upon as an unprivileged class. There was a universality of manual labor. The people were all poor, it is true, but as they acquired worldly goods, they acquired culture. In the centre of the town was built the meetinghouse, which was used for Sunday school and meetings on the Sabbath day, and for the day school during the next five days of the week. Here all the people met in town meetings to discuss questions pertaining to the town—the moral, the agricultural, the political, the social conditions, all were talked over freely, and those laws and systems adopted that would be for the best good of all concerned. These villages have grown into the cities of Utah. In the "Mormon" families the old system remains. The mother and daughters work in the house. There is no privileged class. The father takes part in the affairs of the outside world. His children read and write, there is a piano in the parlor, the *Atlantic Monthly* on the table, and the girl who bakes bread in the morning, sings Schubert or plays Beethoven in the afternoon. In the days when



LEVI EDGAR YOUNG.

Levi Edgar Young was chosen one of the First Council of Seventy to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Elder George Reynolds. Elder Young was educated at the University of Utah, and at Harvard and Columbia universities, and has spent three years in Europe, where he presided over the Swiss and Austrian Mission.

the pioneers settled the State, everyone was urged to live his best self. The Bible was found in every home, and a deep religious sense, combined with freedom of thought, was developed.

The pioneers of Utah had high ideals. They did not attempt a small task. They plunged boldly into a great work, keeping thought with England's poet:

Oh, if we drew a circle premature,
 Heedless of far gain,
 Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure
 Bad is our bargain!
 Was it not great? did not he throw on God
 (He loves the brethren)—
 God's task to make the heavenly period
 Perfect the earthen?
 Did not he magnify the mind, show clear
 Just what it all meant?
 He would not discount life, as fools do here,
 Paid by instalment.
 He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's success
 Found, or earth's failure:
 "Wilt thou trust death or not?" He answered, "Yes!
 Hence with life's pale lure!"
 That low man seeks a little thing to do,
 Sees it and does it:
 This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
 Dies ere he knows it.
 That low man goes on adding one to one
 His hundred's soon hit:
 The high man, aiming at a million,
 Misses an unit.

The "Mormons" settled in a land where the materials had to be loved, "but while loving the material, they conquered it, mastered it, made it of worth to the higher self." In Maeterlink's *Kingdom of Matter* he tells us that man will rise from a knowledge of matter to the life of spirit, the life of highest love. The foundation of Utah's development is laid deep and secure. It began with the kingdom of matter in all its grandeur, it will end in "the highest of love."

Utah was settled by the kind of people that make history.

They were of the kind that Emerson designates as real characters, men of real worth. Theirs was the faith,

Taught by no priest, but by their beating hearts:
Faith to each other: the fidelity
Of fellow-wanderers in a desert place,
Who share the same dire thirst, and therefore share
The scanty water: the fidelity
Of men whose pulses leap with kindred fire,
Who in the flash of eyes, the clasp of hands,
The speech that even in lying tells the truth
Of heritage inevitable as past deeds,
May, in the silent, bodily presence feel
The mystic stirring of a common life
Which makes the many one.

Honesty at a Premium.

Each of us should examine himself carefully and make sure that he is following a course in life that will withstand the most severe investigation. Just as few mistakes as possible, on our part, should be permitted that would tend to weaken the confidence of our fellows.

Let it be kept in mind that the commercial manager of today is diligently seeking for the man in whom he can have the greatest trust and confidence. The average business man of today is perfectly willing to reward honesty and integrity, which in results are synonymous. So, if a young man wishes to command a good salary, it will be necessary for him to look carefully after his character, making sure that he is honest, not only with himself, but with his associates.

The principle of honesty is of greater importance than is often surmised, insuring, as it does, our own best good, and the results that go to make us men of worth.

To practice dishonesty brings into our lives trouble, doubt and discontent. A clear conscience, void of offense, is one of the greatest blessings that can be enjoyed by man. So, boys, let us remember this, "Be honest, and so be happy."

F. M. SHAFER.

Dudley Bain.

BY ELLEN LEE SANDERS.

(Concluded.)

“What is it, Dudley?” Mr. Crawford asked quistically, but not unkindly. “Are you wanting to get married, boy?”

The young secretary paused and laid the papers on the table.

“Mr. Crawford,” he said, putting the intimation of marriage from him with something like disgust, “I want to ask a very great favor of you, and because it is of so much moment to me, and because I have been thinking of it so long—years, I think—I find it very difficult to speak to you about it.”

There was something so dignified in the boy’s manner,—an assumption of equality, an unspoken and perhaps unconscious dropping of the slave attitude, that the planter was irritated before the sentence was fairly finished, and while in the very act inviting the confidence of his secretary.

“You understand my position here,” the lad continued. “With all your kindness to me I am still your slave, and will be the slave of whomsoever shall inherit your estate after you. I cannot associate with negroes, much less marry among them. There are places where my dark blood would not matter so much as it does here. In Cuba, Mexico, Manila, or many of the beautiful islands of the South Seas where life would be delightful. Give me what you will, and my freedom, and with good feeling between us let me go to some of these places.”

There was a sobbing breath, and his great dark eyes were lifted to his master’s face beseechingly, as he continued.

“Some place on the face of the earth, since God has made such places for such as I, where I can hold up my head and be a man among men; where I can hope to make an honorable name for

myself, marry and live like other men. You understand me, sir, far better than I can express myself," he said with proud yet respectful deference.

But the planter did not understand at all, and that was Dudley Bain's first mistake.

The secretary-slave had been thinking about himself for years and what he would like to do, who he was, and on whom he had first claims; and this had colored every act of his life, and even put unjustifiable meaning into the easy-going kindness of his master, while Dan Crawford had thought of his slave not at all, except as he was a useful pawn on the checkerboard of his life.

Not particularly quick at any mental process, the planter found the entire subject presented by his slave bewilderingly and benumbingly new.

It filtered into his mind in fragments, Dudley was asking for his freedom and he was worth two thousand dollars; that was surprising enough, but the planter also noted that the fellow was giving himself airs, and asking for it like a crown prince might prefer a request to the king. With rising anger he next took cognizance of the "With good feeling between us."

Had the boy suddenly gone mad?

No, there was the light of reason and strong emotion in the face opposite him. Anger and surprised helplessness warred with each other in Mr. Crawford's mind. He leaned back in his chair and took refuge in sarcasm.

"My very dear Sir," he said, elaborately imitating Dudley's assumption of equality, "You don't think you are asking too much do you? You are worth about two thousand dollars, and if I understand you right, I believe that you suggested that in addition to your freedom I add a suitable amount to start you in business, I presume in this new country you would like to honor with your presence. Why, I have never even thought of giving you your freedom, much less of starting you in business, and I know of no reason why I should think of it." Then with swiftly rising anger he thundered, "Don't you think you have asked a little too much?"

Dudley, who well understood his master's moods, the storms of temper that sometimes assailed him, and also the justness and

generosity which was habitual, turned and gathered up his papers and would have left the room in silence had he been permitted.

But Dan Crawford had worked himself into a towering passion by this time, and insisted the question he had asked should be answered.

"Answer me, you impudent hound!" he yelled, getting up on his feet and standing before the boy, "Answer me!"

For a moment there was silence save for the master's hurried breathing, then as if his will was compelling his body to obey, the slave raised his eyes, and looking his master in the face steadily, said, as if every separate word was an effort, said slowly and distinctly, "No, sir, not too much for a *son* to ask of his *father*."

Dan Crawford staggered as if he had been struck a blow. Such an insult from such a source was maddening.

With a bellow of rage he seized a whip that hung on the wall and rained savage blows on the defenseless head and shoulders, yes and across the face of the boy who stood passive, the blood trickling from a dozen wounds, till as has been said the master was paralyzed with shame. Shame because this creature, suffering under his just anger, was helpless – socially, physically and also before the law.

Throwing the whip across the room as if afraid to trust himself with it he said, "Go to the negro quarters, you hound, and never come into my presence again. You are no son of mine," and in a few brutal sentences he told Dudley the shameful story of his parentage.

Harsh treatment and bitter words had only served to deepen the impression in Dudley's mind that Mr. Crawford was his father, and without a word he passed out of his master's presence, giving him a look as he went that was full of hate and menace, and it stuck to the planter's memory in spite of his efforts to get rid of it.

However, the deed was done and could not be helped, but as his anger cooled, and his better nature again assumed sway, Dan Crawford felt that he had been both unwise and unjust in the course he had taken, for, wholly untrue, and deeply insulting as he knew the lad's charge to be, there had been that in the boy's words and manner that forced his master to believe that the boy

had been honest in making the suggestion, and compelled by himself into the open assertion.

In the heat of his anger he had ordered Dudley to the negro quarters, whither he had promptly gone, and the lashing he had given the lad made it impossible from his point of view to act on a cooler judgment.

The planter shifted about in his chair and, mopping the perspiration from his forehead, communed with himself.

"If he was a real nigger he'd come crawling up here to ask my forgiveness in about an hour, but that fellow's got enough white blood in him and enough education that if there's any asking forgiveness done it'll be old Dan Crawford that's got to do it."

Of course that was out of the question, and the planter fell into a brown study. His mother's dying injunction, which he had always held sacred, seemed doubly binding on him now, and yet he could see no way out of the dilemma in which his bad temper had placed him.

He felt that any yielding, any concession he might wish to make for the sake of his dead mother's wishes, or for the lad's white blood, or the conduct of his past life, would be construed by Dudley into an admission of the degrading charge.

After a very bad hour with himself the planter decided that he would sell Dudley to some man who would be a kind master, and employ the boy at his accustomed work. Never again could he employ him thus, have him about his person, or willingly come in contact with him; and while thus resolved, and cursing him for an impertinent negro, Dan Crawford knew in his heart that it was the white blood that had spoken and acted through the entire deplorable interview.

So poor Dudley was abandoned to a fate far worse to him than death.

Living in a small cabin among the crowded cabins of the noisy, dirty, ignorant field-negroes, never for a moment out of sight and hearing of them, working at rough manual labor that taxed both strength and endurance to the limit, not basking in the heat of the sun as a negro does, but sickening as white men do in the cotton districts of the South. Performing these unaccustomed labors under the eye of a brutal overseer, who was high-

ly gratified to find the secretary in disgrace, it was not strange that thoughts of suicide should begin to haunt the waking hours of Dudley Bain.

The negroes were very broadly amused to see the secretary degraded from his high calling, and invented many reasons for "ol' Mar's gettin' mad," which they told in Dudley's presence, hoping to get the truth. They resented his silence and aloofness, and took advantage of all the small means that presented themselves to make him feel his position among them.

At first the work in the fields was almost more than he could endure, and brought on a spell of sickness; but Dudley was young, and although he longed to die, he got well and went back again to work.

The slave had loved his master dearly, partly because he believed the bond of blood was between them, partly for the sake of the good woman who had protected his forlorn childhood, but more than all else, because he had inherited his mother's devoted affectionate nature that must love something or somebody with all his heart.

A nature made up of a white man's intellect, and a tropical capacity for loving, had met a condition that turned that love into hate, bitter and deep, and it was not fear of death, or of eternal punishment, nor the love of life that held him back from suicide, but the hope of a revenge as great as the wrongs he fancied his master had inflicted upon him.

With the coming of Mr. Crawford's niece, Miss Agnes Burley, the old Crawford mansion took on a new base of life and gaiety.

Miss Burley was a blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl, plump as a partridge, so full of wholesome, high spirits that she electrified all with whom she came in contact.

School days, that leave so many girls languid and spiritless, had by no means robbed Miss Burley of her health and vivacity. She had absorbed, along with a fair share of mathematics, music, and "ologies," a love of fun, and a thorough enjoyment of life, that might have been deemed sufficient for a whole seminary of ordinary girls.

The young folks of adjoining plantations and, indeed, for miles around, were attracted to the hospitable mansion and its kind-

hearted, resourceful mistress. With an artistic and romantic nature, backed by good sense and a fair share of executive ability, Miss Agnes organized and carried out all kinds of entertainments—rides and hunts, picnics and exploring parties, moonlight rows upon the river, and masquerades indoors and out. Dumb suppers were cooked and served at the ghostly hour of midnight, with weird ceremonies. From these suppers only were the gentlemen excluded. They were left to sift, as best they might, the grains of truth from the bushels of fiction which the girls told of their ghostly experiences.

Uncle Dan was never excused from taking an active part in the merry-making. Often he was dragged off, unwillingly enough, until he almost sighed acquiescence to Old Mammy's remarks: "Mars Crawford, dat ar chile, Miss Agnes, hav done turn dis here place wrong side out and shook it, plum from de ole trunks in de garret, where your mammy usen to keep her ole clo's, to de smoke-house cellah."

But even when he sighed occasionally for the quiet indolence of his past life, Mr. Crawford was well-pleased to have it so, and even old black mammy, with all her grumbling, liked the "goings on," for the negroes are a fun-loving, light-hearted race, much like children, after their generations of slavery, when not crossed by vicious or alien blood.

The house was full of young people, and an air of subdued excitement. Preparations were going forward for the most mysterious and thrilling party ever yet devised. Hallowe'en was to be celebrated with every form of fortune telling that had ever been heard of. There were plots and counterplots, and the air was full of a riot of half suppressed mirth, not entirely free from superstition.

Dan Crawford, the courteous, urbane, hospitable gentleman of the old school, was occupying his favorite chair on the wide veranda, answering the merry remarks addressed to him by his guests. But his mind wandered from the mirth, music and laughter around him, to the as yet unsolved problem of Dudley Bain and his face, as his master had last seen it.

Though months had passed since the recorded episode between master and slave, not yet had a suitable purchaser been found;

and try as he would, the planter could not shake off the feeling that the boy was in his immediate vicinity. The rustling of leaves, the sighing of a zephyr, the flickering of leaf-shadows on the wall, breathed of his presence, and brought back, with annoying distinctness, the last look on the face of the punished slave as he had left his master's presence.

The terrible is the unknown. Out of the mysterious unknown came a relentless spirit of hate and accusation—an invisible atmosphere that surrounded Mr. Crawford.

There is a latent superstition in all human nature which education teaches people to hide, to deny, to reason about, but never, even in one individual, to wholly eradicate.

Mr. Crawford had been blessed by nature, no doubt, with a full share of this mental mirage, and to this had been added the teachings of his negro nurse; and though he had repudiated all such things long ago, it was like the colors that are set in the unwoven wool, it was there to stay until the last fragment was worn out; and that he had disobeyed the dying request of his mother—broken his word to her, in fact,—gave superstition vitality, and called it into active life.

Stronger than any other trait in the planter's nature was his pride. He had never spoken of the occurrence between himself and Dudley Bain, for pride had sealed his lips closer than any confessional could have done. Pride now forbade that by look or word he should betray his mental sufferings, which, in spite of his stout denials to himself were fast degenerating into fear—the fear that becomes panic.

Pride would not allow him to even question his overseer with regard to Dudley, as he would not, and could not, explain the situation. Of the boy's severe illness and recovery he had only heard through a conversation between two housemaids. Pride made it impossible for the master to concede anything, change any condition, unless Dudley should first come to him, retract his charge and apologize, lest, to the boy, it should seem a confession of fatherhood, and to himself a bribe to his fears. He had considered the advisability of going away for a time.

"Yes," he said to himself, "that is what I will do. Just as soon as this party is over, I will take my kinswoman and together

we will make an extended visit somewhere, I don't care where, so I get away from here for awhile. I've always intended to travel, anyhow, and may as well go now."

And poor Dudley Bain—what of him? Amidst surroundings abhorrent, and associations repulsive, in unaccustomed labor, he was fast wasting the flowers of his youth, and burning up the light and fires of his life in a cold and deadly rage.

He would have gone raving mad had it not been for the daily task that kept his mind from the subject of his revenge during the day, though he never quite forgot it. At night he would lie awake long hours thinking over his wrongs, and planning.

He could have assassinated his master almost any day, if that had seemed a desirable thing to do, or he could have laid the beautiful old mansion waste with fire; but either of these would have seemed to him a coarse and poor revenge indeed.

When sleep came, that should have cooled his heated brain, and brought sweet refreshment to quivering nerves and burning eye-balls, he dreamed.

Such dreams! He stood over his master, whip in hand, and from his lash-tortured flesh drew blood for blood. Lashed him till he owned the truth, having neither pity nor remorse, even when he pleaded with his *son* to end his sufferings.

With such thoughts and plans and dreams, he fed the evil in his soul and bided his time, nor night nor day, ever for one moment, abandoned the purpose of his life. Was it any marvel that Dan Crawford felt in the very air about him the impulse of such a hatred?

Dudley had seen Miss Agnes Burley, and knew of all the gay doings up at the big house, as did every slave on the plantation; and to himself he mockingly called her "cousin."

He tried to hate her as he did Mr. Crawford, and wondered once, in a vague way, why he could not be more thoroughly revenged on his master through the girl; but the thought revolted the few shreds of manhood not burned to bitter dust by the fires of his murderous hate, and was abandoned.

Queer orchids sometimes bloom in the most unexpected places. Dudley Bain fell in love with Agnes Burley.

He loved her at various times with all the natures that were

his by the terrible inheritances of his mixed blood. The love of a refined, educated white man, who desires a spiritual, and intellectual companion for life,—a chivalrous, romantic love that rated her as little less than angelic. Then he also loved her with the love of a negro—a passionate, unreasoning, devoted love, not to be denied by any obstacle, but true even unto dying, which was the nature of his gentle mother. Reaching back to his savage African ancestors, who with club and spear slew all the males of a village, and took the woman of his choice from her dead kindred, and expected her to rejoice at his prowess and strength, he loved her when most he hated his master, and when the fires of revenge burned hottest;—loved her with the love of a beast that crushes and mangles what it will not set at liberty, or leave living for another, and which it cannot retain.

And so it was, that mingled with the revengeful fires of his hate was this other dream, this dream of love, that was to his soul like the rich and exquisite jewels of a miser, that are shut away in the dark, but of which the owner is always conscious, rejoicing in their richness and radiance, even while he shivers in rags, and finally dies of cold and hunger, for the price of a fragment of the poorest.

Hate is not so ingenious and resourceful as love. No sooner had this new passion taken possession of Dudley Bain, than he knew what he wanted to do.

He would build himself a house in the innermost recesses of the swamp, on a little island known only to himself. This he would furnish the best he could secretly, and provide other necessities, and take Miss Burley there and lay siege to her heart. He would be so kind, so tender, so devoted, that she *must* love him at last, even if she was angry with him at first. He would tell her of those far-off countries where the moiety of dark blood in his veins would be no bar against him. With the education, ability and good breeding which they both possessed, and the money rightfully theirs, as the planter's joint heirs, they could enter the most exclusive circles.

He still intended to revenge himself upon Mr. Crawford, of course, but the manner did not matter so much now.

When the girl loved him enough that he could trust her, it

would be necessary for her to claim the estate, that he, who was the rightful heir, might through her receive his own; and in another and kinder land they would find happiness together.

When the thought obtruded itself, as it did sometimes, that Miss Burley would always loathe, scorn and hate him, his soul grew faint with horror at the monstrous alternative which his evil genius would suggest.

There are those who believe that we are all given a guardian angel at our birth. If the planter had one, and it knew its business, it was time for it to start the languid gentleman on the contemplated journey, even if it had to invent more daylight nightmares for him.

Swift-footed, dexterous, energetic, Dudley Bain found opportunity to carry out his project. As the months went by he made every arrangement to receive and keep his captive in the house in the swamp. He had made his plans so that the night of the Hallowe'en party was to bring the denouement, and he felt a cold certainty of success. Without difficulty he had learned from the negro housekeeper the details of the evening's program, and had prepared himself to take advantage of its excellent opportunities.

There was a good moon rising a little late. The young folks had played their games, eaten a most delicious supper, tried their fortunes in every conceivable way, and played mad-cap pranks on each other, till, with somewhat subdued spirits, they gathered about a fire of glowing logs, burning on the hearth in a great open fireplace in the huge hall.

Then came the budget of ghost stories, carefully prepared beforehand by Miss Agnes, which blanched the cheeks of the timid, and sent little ecstatic thrills of fear up and down the nerves of the bravest.

As the last ghostly lady with clanking chain was made to "walk the plank," the fire waned to a dull glow, and somewhere on the plantation a hound lifted up his voice in a long, lugubrious howl.

To this banshee accompaniment, Miss Agnes dared those present, who claimed the proud title of bravery, to go to the edge of a wooded knoll, a few hundred yards away, where a trickle of

water was caught in a shallow stone basin, irregular and ringed around with moss and ferns, and known from colonial times as the "Gipsy's Well," and having its own special spooks, according to the superstitions of the negroes. It was a very pretty place, and they had visited it often in daylight hours; but to go at midnight, after their ghostly carousal, was a very different thing.

"We will have a roll of honor," said Miss Burley, producing a large sheet of paper, and tacking it on the wall where a square frame of evergreen had been placed to receive it. "Who, for the honor of their house, their name and lineage, will have their names first inscribed here, by making the ghostly visit to the Gipsy's Well?" she asked bravely and laughingly. But the laugh did not ring quite true, and the girls drew closer together, and it seemed to them all that shadows drew closer, and unseen eyes were upon them, and tense intelligence awaited their reply.

Mr. Crawford hastened to respond. "For the honor of the House of Crawford I claim the right to be first," and rose to his feet.

But Agnes, with her voice steady enough now, and with mirth so vital that it was infectious, claimed the right to go first "for the honor of the House of Burley, in default of a male representative."

But the guests all protested that no lady should go out into the night so far alone; and finally it was decided that if there be any of the gentler sex stout-hearted enough to venture, they should have escort.

As a result of the discussion, it was further enjoined that the lady should be left in the last little pool of silvery moonlight in plain sight of the group of watchers on the veranda, while the gentleman escort must really go to the well and procure some trophy to show that he had been to the designated spot—for it was not the business of women to uphold the honor of their respective houses for bravery.

When, in spite of Agnes' protests, it had been unanimously decided that "the honor of the House of Burley" must be satisfied with that, and Agnes had given her word to obey the rule of the majority, the assembled guests watched the stately gentleman, with the white-robed figure on his arm, as they descended the

shallow marble steps and proceeded silently, as spirits might pass, out across the wide expanse of lawn, losing sight of them occasionally, when some mass of shrubbery intervened. There was a tragic hush in the air, though the gipsy heart of night seemed full to overflowing with an inarticulate whispering.

Scarcely breathing, they watched the two figures, still perfectly distinct, pause at the last pool of liquid, silvery moonlight, just on the edge of the line of dark forest. The girl turned and waved her hand at the breathless group on the veranda, and the Colonel's broad shoulders were swallowed up by the black shadows of the trees.

As the moments passed, those who strained their eyes to see the form of Colonel Crawford reappear, saw a dun-colored shadow separate itself from the blackness of trees and moss to the right of where the path led to the Gipsy's Well. A beast with its tail dragging the earth, the legs spread to support the body, the head carried low and turning mechanically from side to side, snapping in a vicious though uncertain way at moving twigs and shadows. The great beast staggered and wallowed, rather than walked, across the little lake of light to where the girl stood, unconscious of its approach.

There was an inarticulate voice of warning from the horrified watchers on the veranda; and at the sound Miss Burley turned slowly and faced death in its most terrible form—death from the fangs and claws of a mad dog!

She stood quite still, after that first involuntary turning, knowing that her one slender hope of life was that the brute should mistake her for an inanimate object.

Not many feet from the girl, the mad beast paused and seemed to be gathering strength for a spring, his red eyes upon her, for a breeze had fanned the light folds of her white dress and betrayed her.

At this critical moment, a rifle shot rang out; and the living horror, with snarls and spasmodic bounds, turned and bit and gnawed at its own flesh, with the bullet *intended for the heart of Colonel Crawford* in its side.

At the same moment two figures appeared from the forest shades that had just given up such a monster—Dudley Bain, who,

knife in hand, threw himself on the wounded mad dog, and Colonel Crawford, who bore his fainting kinswoman to their horror-stricken guests, who came swiftly down the lawn to meet them.

Long before the foremost had reached the scene of battle, all was still. The huge dog lay stark, a knife-wound deep in his heart, and Dudley Bain in a pool of blood, not many feet away, torn and bitten in a ghastly manner.

He was perfectly conscious, and when kind hands would have moved him he begged them to desist, as he knew he had but a few minutes to live, and would rather die where he had fallen.

His eyes, gentle now and quiet as when he had been secretary to Colonel Crawford, looked on this circle of weeping women and respectful men, and sighed a faint sigh of satisfaction; but though there was that unappeased craving to hear Colonel Crawford acknowledge him as his son, the hate and passion of revenge were quite gone.

In answer to their repeated inquiries as to what they could do for him, he said, "I want to talk to Colonel Crawford; and, pardon me, I want to talk to him alone; tell him I am dying."

A messenger sped on swift feet; and as the Colonel came in haste, the guests withdrew to a distance and left them together, even as the dying slave had requested.

For a moment the slave did not speak, but his great black eyes searched the face of his master, the majesty and dignity of honorable death upon him. The Colonel choked, as, kneeling beside the boy, he tried to speak, and offered to take his hand.

But Dudley drew back his hand, and with his eyes burning with desire to know, and his parting soul almost upon his lips, he whispered, "Are you my father?"

There was a pause of exquisitely painful silence, and then the Colonel removed his hat, and lifting his hand up to the pure, peaceful stars he said, "Dudley, my poor boy, before God I am not." And the Colonel went on to express his sorrow and regret for that other time—his love for him, his depth of obligation and gratitude, and how gladly he would confer liberty and money, and anything he might desire, if only, by any miracle, his life might be spared. But it all fell on unheeding ears.

A gray shadow was creeping up over the face now, and the eyes that had burned into the Colonel's were looking into space. Bain was trying to adjust himself to the new thought, for at last he believed his master's word. His hatred, his despair, his desire for revenge, the plans worked out by day and the dark visions of the night were gone, and only one thing was left of all the shattered ruins of his life—his love for Agnes Burley. He had given his life for her, had saved her from a terrible death, and his spirit sang a hymn of triumph, even while still in its ignoble prison.

"Thank you," he said to the Colonel's generous and heart-felt flood of praise and thanks and promises. "Will you permit me to speak to Miss Agnes just a few moments alone," he gasped.

What passed between them during the five minutes that he lived after she came to him, no one ever knew, for he was quite dead when she called her uncle, and they had to unclasp his stiffening fingers from the hem of her white dress; and where he had pressed it to his lips, it was soaked with blood and venomous foam.

And while we sat in shocked silence, the old anti-Bellum doctor got up and sauntered off, without waiting to hear either our opinion of the story, or the point he had made.

(THE END.)

Naturally.

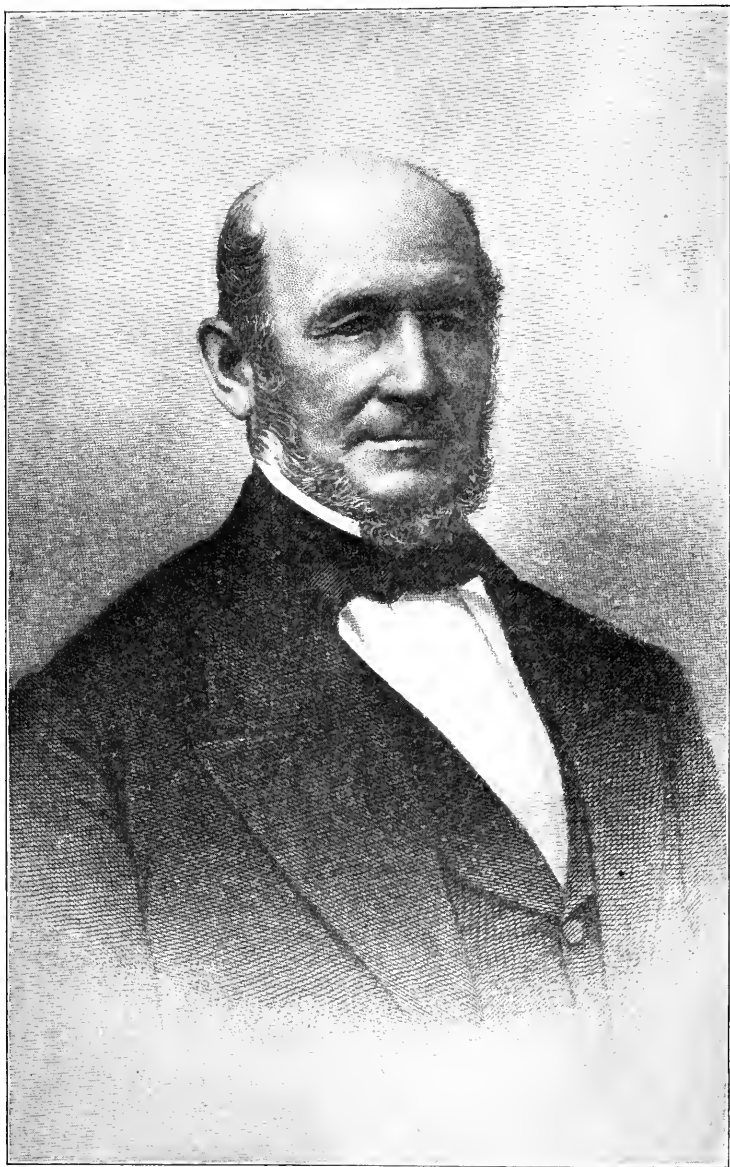
A Washington man, says the *Delineator*, while visiting a friend's place in Virginia, became much interested in his experiments in fruit culture. One day the visitor was making the rounds of the place, being in charge of the friend's young daughter of ten, who acted as a guide.

"This tree seems to be loaded with apples," observed the Washingtonian, indicating a particularly fine specimen.

"Yes, sir," assented the child. "Father says this is a good year for apples."

"I am glad to hear that," said the visitor. "Are all your trees as full of apples as this one?"

"No, sir," explained the girl, "only the apple trees."



HEBER C. KIMBALL.

From a Photo taken in 1867.

Born June 14, 1801; died June 22, 1868.

The 109th anniversary of the birth of this venerable leader in the Church was celebrated in June, 1910, at a family reunion held in Whitney Hall, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Address to my Children.

WRITTEN BY HEBER C. KIMBALL.

To my Beloved Children, Sent Greeting:

I desire to speak to my children this morning that they may be wise and honored of God and of men; and I pray that I may be inspired by the Holy Ghost.

My soul is swallowed up in God. As to the things of this world, they are lost to me. I do not feel concerning them as I have heretofore; I care only for the things of eternity. When I behold the great things of God and the glory which awaits the righteous, and when I reflect that the road is so straight that but few find it, I feel to pray the Lord to bless my children and save them. I am thankful to God because I live in a day when some will find it, and will become gods.

A man may become a god as Jesus Christ did. For this he must prepare himself while in the flesh, that he may be enthroned as a judge is enthroned. I have a desire that my children may be crowned, and if I be enthroned I want to have the privilege of wafting myself, by the power of God, to visit my children. Everything we see here is typical of what will be hereafter.

Oftentimes, when I hear people talk of their difficulties, it appears like foolishness to me; I scarcely notice them. I want my children to be an example to others, and I want the older ones to be an example to the younger children, and not only to them, but to their friends and to their sex. My children, listen to the instructions of your parents, and when they say to you, do a thing, do it. Overcome every spirit of tyranny and oppression, and be as clay in the hands of the potter.

The time will come when you will have children, and you will have tender feelings for them, and will then look back and appreciate the tender feelings that your parents had for you. My soul has mourned for the welfare and salvation of my children. When I look at the things of the eternal world, I feel willing to make sacrifices that I may enjoy the privileges which God is willing to give his people. When I speak to my children, I speak as a father, and there is no person on the earth that has more tender feelings for his children than I have. I want the older ones to be a pattern for the younger ones, and inasmuch as there is hardness, put it away; for it is like a seed which, if it be cultivated, grows to a tree, grows to maturity, and when it brings forth fruit, it brings forth hardness and tyranny. We should always endeavor to plant peace and kindness. Remember always to be affectionate to your parents; for you will have posterity, because God has promised it; and if the oldest are not faithful, God will raise a posterity from the younger.

I want my children to show proper respect to all men, and be gentle to them, as you want they should be gentle to you. Be subject to all officers, both civil and religious, and reverence them in their offices. When you speak of the prophet and the apostles, speak well of them and not reproachfully. Reverence all men in their respective places, and never speak disrespectfully of them, nor of any person on the earth. If you cannot speak well, keep your mouth shut. If you do this, you shall be respected as your father has been, for this has always been my course.

Be attentive to these instructions and be faithful in all things, and you shall be enthroned in the kingdom of God and shall increase from generation to generation, and there shall be no end of the increase. When I come into the presence of God, he will permit me to stand at your head as Adam will stand at the head of all families of the earth. Don't give way to evil, my children, lay aside all wickedness, and never suffer yourselves to go into wicked company or corrupt places. If we give way to sin even a little it will conceive in our bosoms and grow. I know if I am faithful no good thing will be withheld from me, but if I make a misstep it may all be taken away. We are acting in view of eternity, we are laying a foundation for eternity. If you remem-

ber these things, God will bless you with glory and eternal life.

I want you to remember that inasmuch as you honor your father, when you become old and are engaged in the ministry, you shall be honored. The gospel of Jesus Christ, as revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith, is true; I know it, for God has revealed it to me. Every man who rejects it will be damned, and every one who receives it will be saved. Baptism is a sign of the resurrection, and it is the password whereby we enter into the kingdom of God. All the ordinances are signs of things in the heavens. I want my children to observe these things, for we have come into a dispensation when we have got to open a door to receive all dispensations of old. I want to become just what I ought to be.

My children, never cultivate a spirit of covetousness. When you see anybody who is poor, and you have means, assist him; and when poor men or poor women come along, take them into your house and feed and clothe them. Always enlist on the side of the oppressed. This principle was always in me, and I want my children to cherish it. If you show mercy, you shall have mercy. The character of the Almighty is noble, and none will come into his kingdom only those who are noble, kind, merciful, virtuous and obedient. The course I take in this life will be handed down to future generations. You will hand it down from generation to generation, and all records which are made here on earth will be had in heaven.

Now, my children, God recognizes all that you do. Never cultivate anything wicked, corrupt or dishonest. Instead of taking a penny from a neighbor, give him two. As you do unto others, so shall it be measured unto you again. Let these instructions sink deep into your minds: for God is bound to bestow these blessings upon us. Even so. Amen.

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The Crown of Individuality.*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

X. Forgetting as a Fine Art.

Forgetting is one of the fine arts of living at our best. It is not that phase of non-remembering, where a name or a date or a fact has not strength enough to keep itself from sinking deep into memory's sea of oblivion. Fine forgetting means character asserting itself—not mind losing itself. It is the blue pencil of wisdom—cutting out unnecessary words from the text of our living. It is individual kingship determining what thoughts it will permit to reside in its kingdom. It is the exclusion act of the soul—ejecting the unworthy and the undesirable. A great editor once said: "The true secret of editing is to know what to put into the waste-basket." Forgetting is the soul's place for losing discarded thoughts, depressing memories, mean ambitions, false standards and low ideals.

All the virtues, vices and qualities of mental and moral life may be defined in terms of—forgetting or of remembering. Selfishness is forgetting others in over-remembering self. Worry is the inability to forget the troubles that may never happen. Honor is remembered high standards made evident in acts. Anger is the explosion of an over-heated memory. Forgiveness is the heart's forgetfulness of an injury. Ingratitude is the heart's forgetfulness of a favor. Habit is the memory of acts, making repetition easier. Mercy is the memory of human weakness tempering justice. Envy is forgetting one's own possessions in over-remembering those of

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others. Influence is the remembered acts of one inspiring the acts of others. Patience is forgetting petty troubles along the way in concentrating thought on the goal. Love is the heart's sweetest memories shrined in another.

Forgetting as a fine art has two distinct phases: learning how to forget and what to forget. Forgetting is the heart's eclipse of a memory. It is so easy to say lightly to some one suffering from a memory, "Oh, just forget it all." Those of us who have sought honestly and bravely to fight it out on the silent battlefield of the soul know that forgetting is never easy. If it *were* there would be neither credit, courage nor strength in mastering it. Those people who tell you moral battles are easy, really know nothing about it, care nothing, or they are getting ready to tell you they have just remembered an appointment and must say "good-bye." It is a real fight, but we can win in the end—if we are not afraid of a quick, hard fight. It is better than a long siege of remembering that lasts for years.

Keeping the world from knowing our pain or struggle by veiling our sorrow with a smile, seeming to forget, is fairly easy; but this is not—real forgetting. The biggest souls find it hardest to forget. Trained forgetting is paradoxical. We cannot forget by *trying* intensely to forget—this merely deepens and gives new vitality to the memory. True forgetting really means finer memory; it is displacing one memory by another, by a stronger one, an antidotal one. It means concentrating on the second phase so that the first is weakened, neutralized, and faded out like a well-treated ink-stain. It is removing a weed from the garden of thought, and then planting a live, sturdy flower in its stead. It is cultivating new interests, new relations, new activities. Time helps wonderfully, but especially when we go into partnership with her.

If we learn to forget wisely and unselfishly in the trifles of our daily living with others, we shall silently accumulate higher pressure reserve power for our own later needs. Let us forget thorns of daily living in remembering roses of its possibility; forget things that pain in remembering unnoted reasons for thankfulness; forget the weakness of those around us in seeking to discover wherein they are strong. Let us forget the disappointments in

the courage of new determination; forget the little wrong we have suffered from our friend, in living again in the memory of his many kindnesses; forget the things that depress in concentrating on those that exalt. Fine forgetting is an attempt at—finer justice. It means aggressive living—on the uplands of truth and light.

The man who lets the really great things of life, love, honor, duty, trust, friendship, loyalty, justice, selfishly slip away from him for the mere gratification of a moment or a mood, has no right at first to forget. His first duty is to see that he has not been keeping his conscience under the ether of self-apology. He must realize the wrong, and do all in his power to right it. Then in his new strength the petty things will lose their treacherous charm. They will fade into the dim recesses of forgetfulness where they belong, luminant, inspiring.

There are moments when a man rejoices that he is living, that he is yet able to do the right thing he disdained—to fill some one's life with roses, clear someone's path of sorrow. He has the new opportunity of doing a big man's work in a great, simple, self-forgetful way.

He who listens gleefully to scandal, turns it over meltingly on the tongue of appreciation, and then syndicates it with supplementary chapters of his own guessing, repeats it until it becomes a stained tattoo in memory. His ears should be debarred from listening and his mind taught to forget by thinking deeply of the pain such scandal would give to him, were he or some one dear to him the victim, innocent or guilty.

He whose success has made him hard, selfish, intolerant, and critical, who has no patience with those who have not succeeded, should rest for a little from his work of pinning new medals on the chest of self-approval. He should forget his unworthy vanity by recalling his own hard struggles and the part that chance, patronage, favor, or even questionable cleverness, has had in incubating his prosperity. He may then gladly extend the helping hand he now withholds.

We often let an act of the long ago poison our present living: we remember when we should forget. There are things done in the inexperience of youth, in moments of unreason, acts of many years ago, that have left livid scars in thought, that sting and

canker, that discourage and deaden purpose, depress our moral vitality, dim our mental vision, and dull our energy. We should let the dead past bury its dead. We should put them forever out of life and thinking. If we have made all reparation possible, let us consider them as the acts of someone else—a weaker self that is now dead, not the self that lives today, the one we are seeking to make finer and better. Let us make our new self more than a monument to a dead past. Let it be to us a prophetic tablet to the greater self we are preparing.

Remember and think of past folly, mistakes, sin and sorrow only long enough to repair, to atone and to avoid. Then forget the yesterdays of sadness, shame, wrong and failure in the soul's concentration on the new, fresh, clean days for higher, truer living, making each new day but the prelude to a new, better tomorrow.

It was this fine forgetting St. Paul meant when he said "Forgetting the things which are behind I press forward to the mark of my high calling." Forgetting of this type is simply—forgiving ourselves for past errors. We forgive others for wrongs where there is true regret, realization, and the promise, direct or implied, of non repetition. If we are honest in our determination, if we really have acquired new wisdom, why should we not thus forgive—ourselves?

Forgetting is the hardest lesson of life, and it is never so hard as with the memories of the emotions. Our bitterest moments of living are when we drape our sweetest memories in black because they belong to a past that is dead forever. There are high-lights of remembered joy that overcome us with maddening pain, harder to bear than any actual sorrow, past or present. There are memory cells that we long to identify, to individualize and to isolate from the millions of their fellows in the brain and to kill as the electric needle deadens the life of an individual hair-cell.

"Sorrow's crown of sorrows," says Tennyson, "is remembering happier things." Long, hard sorrow is a sickness of the soul, from which in time we may gradually emerge. Nature gently leads us back to health in our days of emotional convalescence by helping us to forget and by giving us new memories to remember.

Memory is a mental force we cannot kill, but we can direct, we can give it new subjects to act upon, new right engines of purpose to move, new channels into which to run.

There are sometimes petty fractures of our pride, irritating incidents that hurt perhaps because we are nervous. They loom large before us. For the time each seems as big as a real sorrow or loss. If we cannot master, it may be as well to surrender to it just for a little, to think it out, to talk it out, to get it out as much as possible from the emotional system. *Then* we should cease to think and to talk; we should learn to forget, avoiding situations and conditions that revive the pain, seeking right work and association that lead from it. Then even a great cankering sorrow will be conquered. If found unworthy we shall find it silenced forever in our hearts and—dead in our memory.

Let us seek to begin each new day in the consciousness of our crown of individuality as serene and calm as though it were a new life, with nothing of the old remaining but its wisdom, its sweet memories, its duties, its responsibilities, and the hope, joys, privileges, love, and possessions the old life has bequeathed to us.

(The next article of this series, "The Victoria Cross of Happiness," will appear in the October number of the ERA.)

The Freedom of Obedience and Service.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

Oh, may I know the Lord as friend,
And love of him my life attend;
May freedom's joy my soul e'er thrill,
In yielding mine to Father's will.

Oh, may I grow to love to give,
And for the help of others live;
May sweetest joy be mine to know
That I have lessened others' woe.

May life eternal be my share,
Under my Redeemer's care,
With those I love—eternal joy,
Eternal work in God's employ.

GEORGE H. BRIMHALL.

A Book of Mormon Consistency.

BY THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

The record of Christ's personal teachings to the Nephites, when he visited them after his resurrection, is embraced in chapters 11 to 28 (inclusive) of III Nephi, and considering the brief time which was occupied in these ministrations, the account is more complete than the New Testament records are.

Notwithstanding this fact, it is remarkable that he did not once mention the names of the Scribes and Pharisees, either singly or together. These powerful and haughty sects had been principally instrumental in effecting his death, and at their hands he had suffered the most bitter persecution throughout the whole period of his public life. Naturally his mind would be filled with some of the pleasing, and then again with some of the sad and harrowing remembrances of his former days in Jerusalem and the land of his nativity. Under these circumstances who can presume that his omission to refer by name to his former enemies was the result of inadvertence or chance? On the contrary, we find unmistakable evidence in Nephi's record that his remarkable silence was predetermined; for on one occasion, at least, he had more than a good opportunity to name the Scribes and the Pharisees, and his purpose not to do so is obvious. The text of Matthew 5: 20, in our common Bibles, reads thus: "For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter the kingdom of heaven."

The corresponding verse in III Nephi 12: 20, is as follows: "Therefore, come unto me and be saved; for verily I say unto you, that except ye shall keep my commandments, which I have commanded you at this time, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven."

In the verses immediately preceding the 19th of this Nephite quotation, Christ was repeating to the Saints on this continent the first portion of his sermon on the Mount of Olives, in a manner that if not strictly literal, was yet more nearly so than it was like an original discourse. In the 19th verse we plainly see that he is preparing the way for what he says in the first portion of the 20th, and having thus avoided the necessity for naming the Scribes and Pharisees, he resumes, even before closing the 20th verse, his former sermon.

What a revelation of God's just indignation and anger is thus displayed to our view! The expunging of the names of the Scribes and Pharisees from the vocabulary of the risen Redeemer seems perfectly to illustrate what is meant by having one's name blotted out from the book of God—out of the book of his remembrance—a penalty which he has threatened, more than once, to inflict upon the desperately wicked. There is told, in the ominous silence of the Savior respecting his persecutors and murderers, the story of centuries piled on centuries of suffering, of spoliation, banishment, death and woe for a race—of prayers unanswered, of petitions ignored, of tears and groanings unheeded until the days of refreshing shall come, and the names of God's chosen people again be held in his remembrance. Such is the story, as it appears to me, that is told in the Book of Mormon by a carefully designed act of our Lord, which altogether, in its revelations and significance, constitutes a grand and yet appalling consistency.

It is, furthermore, not only consistent with the revealed word of God respecting what the worst elements of humanity shall suffer, and the history of the forgotten Jews; but it is consistent also with the record of Christ's ministrations, after his resurrection, among the people of the land of his birth? When conversing, for instance, with the two disciples, as they journeyed to Emmaus, the topics readily suggested the names of the Scribes and Pharisees; but no mention of them was made. Even the mouths of the disciples were sealed in this respect in the presence of the Lord.

The translator of the Book of Mormon made no mistake, for more reasons than one, when he omitted the names of these sects from that record.

About Debating.*

BY DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE, PRESIDENT OF THE AGRICULTURAL
COLLEGE, LOGAN, UTAH.

My dear brethren and sisters, fellow workers:—When the work of the Mutual Improvement Associations was in a measure reshaped last year, to conform to the new priesthood movement, the suggestion was made that debating be one of the incidental features of our work. No special emphasis was placed upon this feature of our work, but, nevertheless, a large number of associations undertook to carry on debating, and, as far as we can learn, with considerable success. Recently the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations have also decided that debating may well be a part of their incidental work. The prospect is, therefore, that next year considerable debating will be done by the associations. It is, consequently, quite necessary that the officers familiarize themselves with the proper methods of conducting debates, so the greatest possible good from debating may be obtained by our boys and girls.

There has been a great deal of well-founded prejudice against debating in our Church, and in other communities, for that matter. Many individuals and communities have been seriously injured by interminable wrangling over immaterial questions. Frequently questions of theology have been taken up and discussed pro and con, in an unsystematic manner, to the detriment of all who took part in the discussion. Occasionally subjects that can be settled only by revelation, through those who have the authority, have been used as subjects for debate, and, naturally, with

* Delivered at the M. I. A. annual conference, June 5, 1910.

evil results. We want to make clear that wrangling and debating are not in any sense related. Modern debate is a systematic, intellectual exercise, which results in mental development. The old-fashioned wrangling that, I suppose, we have all indulged in more or less, has very little good effect upon the mind.

The most important thing in organizing the work in debating is to make sure that the right kind of a subject is chosen. There are some subjects that should not be debated. For instance, all theological subjects should be omitted from our list of possible questions for debates. Even the interpretation of a Biblical passage should be absolutely forbidden in our debating. Subjects which are not debatable, because they are remote in character, in time or place, should not be debated. Historical subjects, such as the comparing of great historical personages are also of doubtful value for debates, and would better not be used. The subjects that we want to debate in our associations are those that are of a living interest to the young people, and which, as far as possible, bring the young people in touch with the present day advancement of the world, whether it be on the educational, political or social side. The debate, to be of real value, should be educational; it must be developing in its effect upon the young people—upon the debaters and the listeners. I have been instructed to say that the associations should choose their subjects from the published list that will appear in the ERA and in the *Young Woman's Journal*. If other subjects are desired, they should be sent in to the committee in charge, for approval, before they are actually used by the associations. Great care should also be taken in the choice of debaters. Occasionally we have young men and women who are a trifle quarrelsome, who would like to enter into a debate simply for the fun of debating, but who are not seriously desirous of preparing themselves for the debate. Such young people should not be allowed to enter the debate unless they are fortified by the association of more serious-minded young people. It may be said also, as a word of warning, that a young man or woman should not be asked to take part in a debate, when he or she has formed decided convictions on that subject. Do not ask one of our young people to argue against his well-established convictions; it will not result in good. The intellectual exercise may

be obtained, but the moral effect is not good. There are so many subjects, neutral in their nature, that may be used without detriment to the young people, that the danger of having someone argue against his convictions can easily be avoided.

The real value of a debate lies not in the public performance, but in the preparation for the debate. This should be made clear to all those who take part in debates.

The first step in the preparation is the collection of material. An effort should be made to obtain an abundance of material which may be used in constructing an argument. Now, the associations have found more or less difficulty in securing material this year. The finding of suitable material and facts bearing on the question will nearly always be the most difficult problem before those who undertake debates. We may keep in mind that the public schools, the colleges and universities—Church and state—will be glad to let the associations have the use of the books in their collections for this purpose. The educational institutions are not confined in their efforts to the buildings in which they labor, but are desirous of assisting all educational movements throughout the state. There is also a movement on foot, which I think will supply the associations with all necessary material; but this plan has not been fully perfected. The plan itself will be published very soon in the *ERA* and the *Young Woman's Journal*. Please look for it.

After the material has been collected, the argument must be constructed, and herein lies, also, one of the chief values of debating. The habit of organizing diverse and scattered material into a logical and systematic whole is of great value to all in the daily affairs of our lives, and especially in the missionary work that nearly all of us have to do, whether at home or abroad. The arguments should be constructed according to well defined rules. No man should be a law unto himself. There is a science of argumentation; and I suggest that the officers see to it that their debaters have access to a few books showing how a debate should be constructed. I recommend, as one of the most suitable manuals, Alden's *The Art of Debate*, a small book that will cost about seventy-five cents.

The debate itself, that is, the public performance, which is

the last step in the debate, and, perhaps, the least important for our purposes, should be governed according to the established methods of procedure. Robert's *Rules of Order* and other similar books should be used in guiding the debate itself. A chairman should be appointed, a definite time allotted to the speakers, and a regular order insisted upon. In fact, the whole thing should be orderly, and if an orderly procedure is adhered to, there will be little disturbance of the kind reported by our brethren and sisters in some public debates. I may say, also, that the judges, in most cases, should be asked to hand in their verdict by ballot. If the three judges get together to consult, the probability is that they will take nearly as long a time in making up their minds as the debate itself consumes.

When the debate is over and the evening is closed, there should be no further discussion of it; it should not be a topic of conversation at the fireside or on the street-corner, because it is likely to do damage if carried into the daily lives of the people.

The debate, generally, should be serious. Occasionally, however, a light subject may be treated—a subject that will create a good-natured merriment; for instance: "Should Women Propose?" (Laughter). Such a subject is a bit of nonsense, yet it might result in good. Other subjects of the kind might be found for occasional debates.

It may be suggested that two debates during the year are probably sufficient for any one organization. Debating should not be held on Sunday. If the associations meet regularly on Sunday, some week-day or evening when dancing or some other form of amusement is usually engaged in, might be taken for the debate. It is well to notify the public—the fathers and mothers—and try to get all to come out. It is fascinating to all to witness the clash of wits.

Debates should be opened and closed with prayer; and singing should be had, as in any other meetings. The whole performance should invite the good spirit of God, and be in harmony with the spirit of this Church.

The young ladies have set aside a time, and have been willing to join with the young men, once a month, in a conjoint meeting for the purpose of debating or telling stories, or in contests of

various kinds; and in this new debating work, the sisters should participate. It would be well, in most cases, to divide the sides, so that each side has a man and a woman on it, and not pit the men against the women, unless you have some subject that is better handled in that way. Men should not undertake to go it alone in the matter of debating. The presence of the sisters on our debating teams will help in the orderly presentation of the debate.

Now, in conclusion: the work is new; it should be undertaken with caution and care. If any dangerous results appear to follow, the work might well be stopped in a community for a time, for we want the right kind of debates. However, let us give debating a fair trial. Debating is a splendid intellectual exercise. It always means intellectual development. The great books of the world are all arguments—in a way. The works of Orson Pratt, B. H. Roberts, and all the great writings of our Church, are only arguments built upon the established principles of argumentation. We need not be afraid of debating, if we carry it on properly; and I hope it will be conducted in that way. I pray that in this work we may be successful, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Work.

(For the Improvement Era.)

By the sweat of thy brow shall thy bread be earned,
A curse that into a blessing turned
Ere it was spoken by lips Divine,
A gift supernal, a gift sublime!

The bread that is earned by labor is sweet ;
'Tis they with nothing to do whose feet
Are ever wending the downward way,
Who quarrel with fate each hour, each day.

Then work, just work, 'tis a glorious thing
To work and smile, to smile and sing,
And thank the One whose will is best,
For work, the blessing which bringeth rest.

GRACE INGLES FROST.

Why Are "Mormon" Missionaries Expelled From Germany?

BY ELDER GEORGE F. RICHARDS, OF THE QUORUM OF TWELVE
APOSTLES.

[On July 21, 1910, Herr Dalwitz, the Prussian Minister of the Interior, on recommendation of the political police, signed orders for the expulsion of twenty-one "Mormon" missionaries, most of whom were Americans or Englishmen. On the day following, they were given three days in which to depart. Among them were three American students who, upon the request of Hon. Irwin B. McLaughlin, *charge d' affaires* at the American embassy, were permitted to remain. It appears that the missionaries had assembled from various parts of Germany at the Latter-day Saints' headquarters in Berlin, to meet President Thomas E. McKay, of the Swiss and German mission. As early as the 31st of May last, Elder McKay wrote from his headquarters in Zurich, Switzerland, to President Joseph F. Smith, stating that he had requested the police to grant permission to have the meeting held. On the 21st, as services were being held, the agent of the political police, who was seated in the audience, rose and declared the gathering dissolved. Then several members of the criminal police appeared, and virtually took the congregation into custody. It will be remembered that in 1903 the status of the "Mormons" in Germany was taken up in a council between the foreign office and the foreign embassy. At that time the government took the position that the teachings of the missionaries were subversive of morality. It was then arranged that they should withdraw from the country, and that their headquarters should be moved from Berlin to Switzerland. Subsequently the missionaries, numbering about one hundred and forty, departed, leaving the German Latter-day Saints, with a total membership of eight thousand, in the care of Germans. In recent years, the Germans say, the "Mormons" have disregarded the understanding of 1903, hence this action.]

Elder George F. Richards, in the following communication, discusses the position of the government that the teachings of "Mormon" missionaries are subversive of morality. To any one familiar with the subject of morals as they exist in Germany and among the Latter-day Saints, the conclusion which the government arrived at is very humorous.—EDITORS.]

The status of "Mormons" in Germany was taken up in exchanges between the foreign office and the foreign embassy, in 1903, when the government took the position that the teachings of the missionaries were subversive of morality.—Telegram in the *Deseret News*, July 22, 1910.

The statement made by the German government officials as the cause for the banishment from that country of "Mormon" missionaries will appear most absurd to thousands who have for a lifetime lived among the Latter-day Saints, heard their teachings and become familiar with their manner of living, and the high standard of morality which they have raised to the world. The statement is so vague as to preclude a specific answer. To say that we deny the charge would seem to be an answer as full and comprehensive as the indefinite charge would merit or demand.

We would ask the authors of that remarkable statement wherein the teachings of the Latter-day Saint missionaries are subversive of morality? No church on the earth has a higher standard of morality than has the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, commonly called the "Mormon" Church. That standard is ordained of God. With it adultery, in the category of crime, stands next to murder. An adulterer or a fornicator can not have membership in the Church except he repents. "If a man commit adultery, he can not receive the celestial kingdom of God, even if he is saved in any kingdom, it can not be the celestial kingdom." (*Compendium*, p. 280.) We are sure the teachings of the Latter-day Saint missionaries upon that topic, and the example set by them, could be followed with profit by their accusers.

Wherein, then, we would again ask, are the teachings of the "Mormon" missionaries subversive of morality?

Is it in that they teach as did Jesus (Matt. 6: 9) that God is our Father and we his children?

Or, as do the scriptures, (Gen. 1: 27) that we are made in his image and likeness, and that he is a God of parts and passions

even as is man; and that the Trinity—the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost—are not one substance, but three separate and distinct individuals, the Father and the Son being personages of flesh, bone and spirit, as tangible as man, and the Holy Ghost a personage of spirit only? (Doctrine and Covenants 130: 22, and Matt. 3: 16, 17).

Or, is it that they teach that faith in Christ is essential to salvation? If so, then condemn the scriptures, for so they teach (John 3: 18-21; 8: 24).

Or, is it that they teach that men cannot be saved in their sins, and that sins can be forgiven and remitted only after repentance and compliance with the ordinance of baptism (Luke 13: 5; 3: 3)?

Or, that they teach, as did Jesus, (John 3: 5) that except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom, outside of which there is no salvation?

Or, is it that they teach that authority to administer the gospel ordinances is as necessary today as it was in the primitive church? (John 15: 16; 20: 21).

Or, is it because they justify Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David, Solomon, Moses, and others, whom God justified, in having a plurality of wives? (Matt. 8: 11). If so, then we answer that the Latter-day Saints neither teach nor practice plural marriage, at home or abroad, it being forbidden, both by the law of the land and the rule of the Church; therefore the action of the German officials, on such ground, means a needless fear of an imaginary foe.

Or, is it that they teach the immortality of the soul, as do the scriptures, (I Cor. 15: 21, 22) that as Christ died, and after three days took up his body—the same body he laid down (Luke 24: 30-43; John 20: 27) so we, after a season, will take up the same bodies that we lay down, and as Jesus went to the Father and sat at his right hand in his kingdom, as seen by Stephen (Acts 7: 55) even so we may, by following the example set by the Savior, become joint heirs with him in the kingdom and glory of God? (Luke 15: 31).

Or, is it that they teach the eternity of the marriage covenant—that wives and husbands, sealed so for time and eternity, by

one having authority, will be man and wife after death, and their children born under that covenant will be theirs forever—the covenant to be kept, the identity to be preserved, the relations perpetuated, and the individuals glorified? (I Cor. 11: 11; Doctrine and Covenants 132).

Or, is it that they teach that little children have eternal life, being redeemed from before the foundations of the world, through the blood of the Lamb of God—no little children in hell, but “of such is the kingdom of heaven”?

Or, is it that they teach that salvation is for the dead as well as for the living, for the heathen as well as for the Christian (1 Peter 3: 18; 4: 6; Gal. 3: 8, 9), the heathen to have this gospel after death, if not before?

Or, is it that we believe the scriptures literally? (II Peter 1: 20; Isaiah 8: 20.)

If the officials of the German government, or any one else, has discovered that, as a people, we teach any principle which is not scriptural, we would be pleased to have them point out to us wherein we are so doing, that we may make our teachings conform—for as yet we have not been able to discover any such discrepancy. One of the strongest evidences of the truth of “Mormonism,” and that which is the most potent factor in converting men and women to our faith, is the fact that we teach only true scriptural doctrine. An investigation will prove this fact. It is a matter of regret that the officials of the German government did not make such comparisons, and point out in detail some of our non-scriptural teachings.

“Mormonism” means so much to the individual, if true, that it is worth his while to give a careful and unbiased consideration of what it purports to be. Saul of Tarsus fought the primitive Saints, believing he was doing God a service. He afterwards learned his mistake, and it was a thorn in his side forever after. The German government officials will, no doubt, see their mistake later. Truth will manifest itself and will prevail.

Music.*

BY OSCAR A. KIRKHAM, OF THE L. D. S. UNIVERSITY, AND MEMBER
OF THE Y. M. M. I. A. GENERAL BOARD.

The great, parched desert, longing for the refreshing rain, might be compared to the American people longing for expression in the great art of music. The willingness to spend millions of dollars annually for the support of great artists is only one evidence. The old world may boast of her past, with Mozart, Handel, Beethoven, Wagner and others, with their wonderful works of art, but I sincerely believe the great future belongs to America.

We take advantage of their works and progress, and work with new people, with new hopes and aspirations, and not in any section of our fair land are there greater possibilities and probabilities for development than among the Latter-day Saints, with their intense religious feelings, and their great love for this art.

We might go one step farther, and say that among our own people no organization should be more responsible for this progress than the Mutual Improvement Associations. But are we doing our part? The Sunday schools and Primaries are progressing; the ward choirs are working as best they can, but I must confess that when I was requested to represent this work on the Y. M. M. I. A. board, and when I went to look for the musical organization through which I might work and be of assistance, I found practically none. Let us hope, in the year's work that is before us, we will perfect our organization along this line, and unitedly make possible the advancement of this uplifting art among our people.

*An address delivered at the Annual M. I. A. Conference, Sunday, June 5, 1910, at the Salt Lake Tabernacle.

A joint committee of the young ladies' and young men's associations should be appointed in each ward, who would work unitedly in furnishing the musical programs for regular weekly preliminary and conjoint Sunday evening meetings, entertainments, concerts, and, when possible, the presentation of operettas, cantatas, oratorios and operas.

Permanently organized mutual choirs are discouraged, from the fact that it is generally impossible for more than one organization of this kind to exist in a ward, the support of the people being rightly given to the ward choir. The young ladies may, however, have their ladies' chorus and the young men their male chorus, and these may unite at times for the presentation of special musical works which might be suggested from time to time through the medium of our magazines. Would not work of this kind help to supplement the crying need of something to take the place of the dance? Very often there are excellent singers among the young ladies and men of our wards who do not care to join the regular ward choirs, but who would delight in joining a chorus of young and happy singers, which had for its object the presentation of some light opera or oratorio. An organization of this kind affords the best example of a true democracy. It unites young people in doing a common good.

Let us spend some of the splendid time we are now using, perhaps, in scolding young people or parading their faults before them, in assisting them to unite in the refining labor of presenting some beautiful musical work. The best way to help the boys and girls is to give them some good work to do.

It is also suggested that both stake boards have musical representatives who should work together for the betterment of the conditions in the stake and for the preparation of music at conferences.

In one of the stakes, during the past season, where the young men and young ladies of the different wards meet for preliminary programs, the lives of the different great musicians have been discussed and some of their music has been performed. This is an excellent idea, and has proved extremely entertaining and educational.

In some of the stakes which embrace Salt Lake City and

vicinity, a number of the professional people have very generously taken their pupils on the Sunday evenings of our conjoint work and given song services. While these entertainments have proved very entertaining, and accomplished good, still, it has been suggested by the young men's general board that some good speaker be allowed a short time on these programs to address the splendid audiences which have been attracted by the beautiful singing.

At the reception given to Commodore Dewey, at his home-coming after his heroic work in the Spanish-American war, two thousand members of the choral societies, to one of which I had the pleasure of belonging, went out on the United States battle-ships and sang the Hallelujah Chorus. The sailors leaned against the sides of the vessels and cried for their native land. Then six thousand voices greeted him on the shore and sang, "Behold, the Conquering Hero Comes!" Dewey said that nothing in all his lavish receptions touched him as this did. Music goes to the real self and awakens it to the best in life. This is a much better way of expressing our patriotism than with guns and firecrackers.

If we will sing often, in our associations and our homes, the songs of our Nation, there shall never be any question as to our patriotism. Someone has said, "Let me write the songs of the nation, and I care not who writes the laws."

In a like manner we should never tire in singing the hymns of our Church, the heart-songs of our people. The youth of Zion will never fail in holding up the faith of their fathers if they will ever sing with spirit and meaning those glorious songs. The beauty of their texts and the inspiration of their history will live forever. Let us hope that at some not far distant time the musical forces of the young ladies' and young men's associations will be so perfected, and their labors so active that it will be possible for us to call their stake and ward officers together at these annual conferences and plan for musical contests and festivals which will become an inspiration to our young people, and the admiration of our Church.

Is it possible? Yes! And may the Lord inspire us, and may we work for its accomplishment.

“Climb.”

BY A. G. GUDMUNDSEN.

Did you ever sit at a meal of good and wholesome edibles and enjoy to the full extent the repast, until, by unlucky chance, you were served with the dessert that, because of either poor pastry, cooking, or the substance contained, bordered upon the fetid? If you have, undoubtedly your meal was spoiled. You condemned the cook. You forgot the good that went before, for in the things of life we are apt and inclined to be forgetful of the good, if the evil but casts its shadow.

Yet, if you had but stopped to think and consider, and had acted promptly, you need not have devoured the dessert—so called—after the first taste, but could have passed it by, and remembered the cook as a good one. At the same time, you might have exercised a subtle acumen by nudging your companion, warning him of the dessert, thereby checking a possible discomfort or wrong impression.

It is because of this latter desire in counteracting a wrong impression that I wish to “nudge” my reader and warn him of the “dessert,” if he has already partaken of the meal; and if not, to invite him to dine with me by *meal reading* the article in the May *Cosmopolitan*, entitled “Felicity.”

In case of the latter, the “nudge” must of necessity be previous, but in good form. That of which I wish to speak I will quote:

“There is always room on top,” exclaims the flippant philosopher of today, seeking to spur us on. It is a false incentive. ’Twas never intended that we should all be climbers.

Stop! Ponder on such a statement that we, the children of God, were not intended to be climbers; that we should be destined to be satisfied with what we are, be that ever so low, when the very things of nature, of which we are a part, urge us on and on to the higher and better plain.

Height has but one dimension—that leading toward perfection; but height is not confined to any one specific profession, occupation, position or job; it is a property of all. 'Tis true we are not all intended, or rather adapted, for the same thing. It is good; but, look you, has not progression been the noticeable factor in the building of civilization? Has not improvement been made by us upon the work of our progenitors in every walk of life? And, by the same rule, can we deny the possible or probable advancement by our progeny? As surely as the sun will rise upon the morrow, just so certain can we presage the advancement of mankind, if what was intended shall be. Every onward and upward step that we take, and those to follow, as did the stepping-stones of our forefathers, places us upon a higher round on the ladder of perfection.

The rules of life demand that a man shall either advance or retrograde; for in the stream of existence no man can stand still. But the current is never so swift as to make it impossible for us to row our barge up-stream, if we but will.

The extent of our progress depends upon our muscles and our brain, and if we choose to cast our oars aside and drift down the stream, past the sturdy men and women who are ever pulling onward, with might born of knowledge, heedless of their cries, "Danger below!" we are sure to be consumed in the vortex of sin, to be whirled and dashed about, then swallowed in its never-ceasing greed for idle men, realizing too late that we were expected to "climb," and we had not taken advantage of this knowledge, or complied with this expectation.

To remark that a philosopher is "flippant," who encourages all classes of men to strive for the top of their profession, is to have that remark branded as recreant.

All creeds and denominations teach that there is room on top. One has but to gaze into the heavens to be convinced of the limitlessness of space and progress.

As God is, so can man become, and because of one failure, or two or three, we should not throw our oars overboard and say, "'Tis useless," but we should climb, climb, climb. Confucius said, "Man's glory [alone] is not in never falling, but in rising every time he falls." So let us climb and be climbers. Let us try it

again and be “stickers,” always remembering that *fame is not perfection*, nor has perfection in our various walks of life a visible limit.

Felicity is for the ignorant alone, if it stops progression. True happiness and bliss can only be attained when we have a thorough knowledge that we are “climbing.”

HEBER. UTAH.

Success.

BY FRANKLIN H. ROLAPP.

Success is the result of applied energy, the main theme of ambition, and the joy of the soul—an oak developed from an acorn of courage.

Success is the gossip of the idler and the reward of the worker. It is loved and desired by all, though, however, feared and shunned by most; a beautiful rose on a stem of thorns and thistles, acquired by careful arts and the overcoming of those obstacles which lie in its path.

Success is no respecter of person, though, however, only attainable when welcomed, you will find it very delicate. Be sure you understand it. Remember its motto, “An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.” It demands a square deal.

Did you ever hear of one's idleness being rewarded with success? No. Idleness and misery; work and success.

“Where there is a will there is a way.” Assuming that you have the will, are you acquainted with the way, which is crowded with opposition and obstructed with difficulties? An essential; for without the battle there can be no victory, therefore be tactful and always apply your best. In every undertaking, no matter how small or how large, be master of the situation. Be patient. Remember Rome wasn't built in a day. It's the small and daily acts of life which count, not the grand-stand plays. Do what you do not merely to please, and never to displease, but because you know it to be right.

This is a means to an end, for if you love your work you will have success, and if you wish success you will have to work.

LEIPZIG, GERMANY.

Some Men Who Have Done Things.

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' UNIVERSITY.

XI.—Orson F. Whitney,

WHO, DISCOVERING HIMSELF AT TWENTY-ONE, HAS SPENT THE REST
OF HIS FIFTY-FIVE YEARS IN POINTING OUT THE LONGER
AND THE PLEASANT AVENUES IN "MORMONISM."

Orson F. Whitney has neither built a railroad, nor established a canning factory, nor invented a rapid calculator, nor got fortune and place out of the stock exchange or the butter trust, nor even founded a society of anybody's sons or daughters. All he has done, if one could allow the Practical Man to put it, is to make new phrases, to coin words.

And yet a hundred chances to one when the Man-with-the-Scythe is endeavoring painfully to recall the name of him who built this railroad or factory, or invented that machine which turns bran and sawdust into bright five dollar gold pieces, Whitney's name will come fresh to his lips, ready to drop off any minute into the vocal word. Such havoc does Father Time work with our poor balances and measuring-rods!

And why? Because, if we must confess it, machines, factories, railways, whatnot, necessary though they are, do but satisfy a lower want in us, a transitory desire, whereas the poetic and the eloquent word ministers to a higher craving, speaks to the thing in us that abides, heartens us to endure these mere bread-and-butter implements. The poet, the preacher, the writer, the artist, the sculptor the musician—these we must measure by something other than the commercial foot-rule. They shine by their own light, and not by the glint of mica. Fortunate we are that we have them, and we pay ourselves a high compliment when,

in our harum-scarum chase after things that perish, we pause long enough to pay our toll of admiration and praise, as all "Mormondom" does to this man.

In eighty years, only four men stand out as great preachers of the New Dispensation, and, singularly enough, all four have won laurels almost equally as writers and speakers. Whatever "Mormonism" may hereafter produce in oral and written expositors of the Word, the names of these four will be easily distinguished from all the rest in this period. Not that the rest are inconspicuous. We have had pioneers and colonizers, editors and educators, financiers and spiritual guides, all of whom have done signal work in the department of activity which they have chosen. All of these, too, with hundreds of others, have engaged in preaching. Nevertheless, we have had, thus far, only four great preachers, men in whom was the gift of expression in an eminent degree. Of these four, not the least is Orson F. Whitney. And, like his companions in the group, he wears two laurel wreaths—one given by the muse, the other by the god of the spoken word. This is rare. Elsewhere than among the Latter-day Saints, the preacher is not commonly a poet or man of letters. Not often do ministers take to the pen. Neither does the poet or man of letters often exercise the gift of Demosthenes. One never thinks of Bryant or Longfellow as public speakers. On the other hand, Webster and Henry Ward Beecher did not write any poetry. Doubtless all this is true not because there is any unfriendliness between the tongue and the pen, but rather because there is not the demand elsewhere for public speaking on the part of the writer that there is with us. Moreover, compared with at least two of the group in which I have placed Orson F. Whitney, his total output in writings and addresses is larger. As a poet, he is far and away the first in our eighty years, whether we consider the level of his art or the bulk of his work.

Time was with Orson F. Whitney when he had not thought that his gift lay in writing, and when standing on his feet to speak was both a painful and an uncertain operation. This was as late as his twenty-second year. Hence the youth who does not know whether he has a gift or what it is, need not lose heart. In "Mormondom" there is not much chance that gems will lie

hidden in caves of ocean, dark and serene, nor that the flower will waste its sweetness on the desert air. Something will happen to bring the gem into the glimmer of the sunshine. Some breeze will waft the perfume of the flower to an appreciative nostril. Only, there must be an awakening, perhaps, as there was in Orson F. Whitney's case. At all events, the youthful Whitney was not so eloquent as he has since become. "I cannot look back on my first attempts at debating," he told me, "without a feeling of pain. Almost any of the boys with whom I associated were better speakers than I." That was at the Zeta Gamma Society, an organization which Orson was partly instrumental in effecting, and at which the boys sharpened their wits on one another. An incident in his early missionary work is to the same effect. He was called upon to speak at a public meeting. "The 'Mormon' elders," he said, "were unlike any other preachers, in that *they* always depended on the Holy Spirit for guidance in their utterance in the pulpit." This was all he could think of, so he kept repeating this as greatly anxious to make the point. That the point was made became painfully evident next morning when he read in the daily paper this irreverent account of his sermon: "Elder Whitney told his audience last evening that the 'Mormon' elders always depended on the Holy Spirit for their sermons. If so, the Holy Spirit was sadly negligent in young Whitney's case!" Here surely is a far cry from the debating society and the missionary field to the tabernacle and the lecture platform.

By what means did Apostle Whitney ascend from the one place to the other? In the path he followed are strewn some fine lessons for the Latter-day Saint youth who wishes to get along in writing and speaking.

Until he was twenty-one his darling passion was for music and the drama. The story of how he was turned from a longing for the stage is interesting and instructive. The histrionic bent, however it came in the first place, was cultivated by the Wasatch Literary Society. That was in his school days. The boys got together, read essays they had written, shouted and declaimed, till the very welkin rang. Orson seemed more apt at disturbing the echoes up there in the welkin, than in writing or debating, and so, very naturally, thought his destiny pointed stageward.

Anyway, he importuned his parents to let him follow that career, and his mother, failing to turn his inclination, finally told him that if she could sell a certain piece of land, she would give him two hundred dollars to take him to New York. So his hopes and imagination took a sudden bound. He saw himself, doubtless, snatching fame before the Gotham footlights and then coming home to the Salt Lake theatre and proving his choice of a profession. The young folks, too, gave him a huge send-off. But he had reckoned without his host, as the saying is. His mother could not sell the land! The Whitney family had almost abandoned their vocations in the long hunt for a buyer. But all the buyers had taken to the woods. So the young declaimer, disappointed and saddened, gave up his ambition for the stage. No, that is not correct. He only postponed it, as he thought at the time.

I have a grave suspicion that, had Orson F. Whitney gone upon the stage, he would not have stayed with it long, or rather, *on* it. His mind is naturally creative, and creative minds are not content merely to reproduce the thoughts of others. Young Whitney would have turned to play-writing. There is no doubt about it. Only, though, this is by the way.

Soon after this, Orson was called on a mission to the United States. A second time was the land brought into requisition, this time as a means of sending him to his field of labor. Immediately it was sold! This should have been a sign to the young man that his destiny did *not* point to the footlights. But it was not. The fact is that at this particular time he was somewhat indifferent to religion. He was not sure that he wanted to go. Not that he was not, even then, spiritually-minded. His is pre-eminently the spiritual type of mind. But his spiritual energy was absorbed in his supposed calling. Nevertheless he went.

As with hundreds of others, so with Orson F. Whitney—a mission was the turning point in his career. Only, in his case, it was more pronounced. And it came about in this way:

He was “laboring” in the state of Pennsylvania with Elder A. Milton Musser. But he had little interest in his work. Having visited some historic places in the East, he engaged to write them up for the *Salt Lake Herald*, and these articles occupied his attention. Meantime, Elder Musser was endeavor-

ing to awaken his interest in his missionary duties. But a dream accomplished what his companion had failed to do.

"I thought I was in the Garden of Gethsemane," he told me, "a witness of the Savior's agony. I seemed to be standing behind a tree in the foreground of the picture, from which point I could see without being seen. The Savior, with the Apostles Peter, James and John, entered the garden through a little wicket gate at my right, where he stationed them in a group, telling them to pray. He then passed over to my left, but still in front of me, where he also knelt down and prayed. His face, which was toward me, streamed with tears, as he besought the Father to let the cup pass, and added, 'Not my will, but thine be done.' Having finished his prayer, he arose and crossed to where the Apostles were kneeling, fast asleep. He shook them gently, they awoke, and he reproached them for their apathy. Again he bade them pray, and again crossed to his place and prayed, returning as before to find them sleeping. This happened three times, until I was perfectly familiar with his face, form, and movements. My heart went out to him, and I loved him with all my soul.

"Suddenly the circumstances changed, though the scene remained the same. Instead of before the crucifixion, it was after. The Savior and the three apostles now stood in a group at my left, and were about to take their departure to heaven. I could endure it no longer, but rushed out from behind the tree, fell at his feet, clasped him around the knees and begged him to take me also. With a look of infinite tenderness, he stooped, lifted me, and embraced me, saying, in the kindest and gentlest manner, 'No, my son, these can go with me, for they have finished their work; but you must stay and finish yours!' I besought him, then, to let me come to him at the last. There was a look on his face as if he would gladly have granted my request had it been wise. 'That will depend,' he said, 'entirely upon yourself.' "

From that moment Orson slept no more at his post, but looked upon his missionary work as his first duty. A series of miraculous experiences and a great spiritual illumination, for none of which is there space here, rooted him forever in the truth. He knew then that his mission in life was to preach the gospel by

tongue and pen, and that any other calling would be a mere bagatelle by comparison.

After this he found himself alone at Elyria, a town near Oberlin, Ohio. A good sister there proposed to gather whomsoever she could of the neighbors at her house and have a meeting. Elder Whitney protested that he could not preach! "What!" the sister cried, "you a missionary come out here to preach and not willing to do it?"

That settled the matter. The young man went before the Lord and besought him for divine aid. And the Lord heard his prayer. For that evening he occupied the entire time, speaking with great fluency. After that he had little difficulty in public speaking.

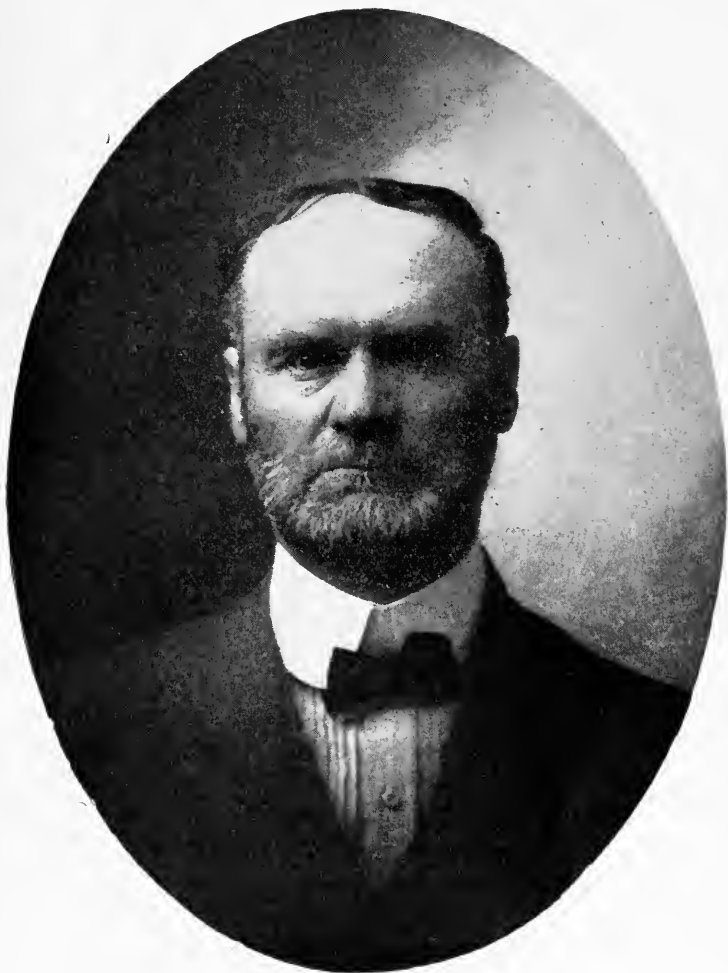
Orson F. Whitney has the *gift* of oratory. There is no doubt about that. Else why have not hundreds of other elders in the Church, with the same or even more practice, exhibited the same power of oral utterance? It was not in them, to begin with. It *was* in him. That's the difference. Yet he employed definite means looking toward the perfection of his power. I have heard that the Bishop, in his younger days before he was a bishop, used to practice on the trees and the rocks in the lonely canyon. This sounds so extremely probable that I have not attempted to verify the statement. He told me distinctly that he had his "barn-storming period."

Three characteristics have greatly aided the development of this gift. In the first place, he has extraordinary powers of concentration of mind. Even as a small boy this was of unusual strength. In the school-room he could keep his attention on a book, to the total exclusion of any amount of varying noises. And the fact attracted the notice of his teacher to the extent that she predicted for him a great future. The possession of this quality is itself a long step towards mental power. Then, too, his mind is creative, and abhors the adoption of the ready-made phrase. He prefers his phrases made to order. Not only his poetry, but his addresses and sermons, abound in original dynamic and beautiful phraseology. He is pre-eminently a maker of phrases. Lastly, he is endowed with a phenomenal verbal memory. Words and combination of words, once entering his capacious mind, lodge. He

will recall the exact wording of letters, documents, poems, whose very thought would have escaped most other even strong minds, and that after the lapse of many years. I have known but one other person with such a verbal memory. Now, in spite of the fact that Henry Ward Beecher could never quote anything exactly, in other words, had an extremely poor verbal memory, yet I think we might set it down as a general truth that a strong memory for words is indispensable to the orator. These three characteristics, I think,—concentration, originality, and a good verbal memory—give us the secret of Orson F. Whitney's success as a preacher.

The way he picked up writing is harder to account for. No doubt here too he had a gift. Or rather he turned his oratorical gift to the pen. Essentially, I cannot but think, the gift of the writer and the gift of the speaker are one and not two. The one could easily become the other, and will, unless there happens something to divide them, to atrophy one of them. Macaulay is a singular example of this fact. He was greater as an orator than as a writer. So that no doubt in Mr. Whitney's case of writing, it was merely an oratorical gift expressing itself through the pen. Or to reverse the order, the poet sometimes expressed himself by means of the tongue. But here, too, there must have been the same diligent applications of means to an end. The same care for the original phrase manifested itself. But those descriptive articles for the *Salt Lake Herald* appear to have been not only the beginning but likewise the impulse to continue. For they attracted the keen eye of President Brigham Young, and incited him to write to the young missionary encouraging him to cultivate his gift so that he might be useful in spreading the gospel of the kingdom. In this incident, by the way, we get a fine side light on the varied character of President Young, a man of the people, who knew what was going on and saw more than one thing at a time. The same letter contained this extremely wise bit of advice: "Never condescend to argue with the wicked. The principles of the gospel are too sacred to be quarrelled over. Bear your testimony in humility and leave the result with the Lord."

To use a gift in building up the kingdom of God, that is Orson F. Whitney's motto. Naturally he would do this, once take for granted his conversion to the truth. He is a product of "Mor-



From a photo taken in Cardston, Canada, August, 1906

ORSON F. WHITNEY,
Of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles.

monism." His every thought and emotion has its roots deep down in his religious faith. All that he has said, whether by the pen or by the tongue, takes its rise in "Mormonism." There is no need to go outside for material. Only in "Mormonism" could there be found another theme as great as "Paradise Lost." Here is a big lesson for the "Mormon" writer. At present the profession of letters with us is in a sad state. If one writes for the "Mormon" public alone, there is no bread in the larder. If one writes for the larger public of the nation or the world, one has to abandon distinctly "Mormon" themes, unless these are disguised beyond all recognition. And so the "Mormon" writer must ever steer between Scylla and Charybdis. But that way lies in the direction our poet-preacher has pointed in "Elias." One has to do one's best work and leave the event to Providence and the critics.

And so, to some extent, with the preacher. In "Mormonism," Apostle Whitney thinks, the preacher has limitless possibilities in theme and opportunity, for its development and presentation. "The gospel," he told me, "must be preached to all men, not alone the poor and unschooled, but also to the rich and scholarly. And we need all sorts of men to do this work. Hitherto we have done our proselyting among the so-called middle classes. But the gospel will have to be presented to the so-called high born, the aristocracy of the blood and the mind. They, too, must be left without excuse. But we must have a different class of preachers from the otherwise very excellent Welshman who sent a bundle of tracts to Mr. Gladstone, with the explanatory letter: "Here is some trax, read them, for they are fax!" We must have scientific preachers to preach the gospel scientifically; poetic preachers to preach it poetically; philosophical preachers to preach it philosophically. There are innumerable opportunities open before the preacher. Time is crowding upon us. We must reach the educated and cultured classes through preachers who are themselves cultured and educated."

The Creation of the Earth.

BY FREDERICK J. PACK, A. M., PH. D., DESERET PROFESSOR OF
GEOLOGY, UNIVERSITY OF UTAH.

The discussion of the "Creation of the Earth" will appear under three heads: I, The Biblical Account; II, The Astronomical Hypotheses of Earth Origin; and III, The Geological Record. In considering the first an effort will be made to support the fact that the writer of the biblical account of creation could not have received his information except through the source of inspiration. The second article will contain an outline of the various hypotheses of earth origin, including the Nebular, the Meteoric and the Planetesimal. Article number three will contain an account of creation as revealed in the geological record, concluding with a summary in which an effort will be made to show the complete agreement of the facts derived from these three sources.

I.

WAS THE WRITER OF THE BIBLICAL ACCOUNT OF CREATION
INSPIRED?

In the following discussion the question of the identity of the writer of the Book of Genesis is not to be considered. The destructive work of the so-called higher criticism has made but little inroad upon the general belief that the book was written by Moses, some time about fifteen hundred years before the birth of Christ. But the question before us has to do solely with the *source* of the knowledge possessed by the writer of that book, and specifically with that portion of it which deals with the events of creation.

The writer of the Book of Genesis gives the chronology of creation as follows:

1. The change from darkness to light.
2. Separation of waters above and below by the appearance of a firmament or expanse (*i. e.*, the atmosphere).
3. The dividing or segregation of the land and water upon the earth, followed by a growth of vegetation.
4. Appearance of the sun, moon and stars visible from the surface of the earth.
5. Production of the lower forms of animal life, those that swarm in the waters, and the creeping and the flying species of the land.
6. Introduction of the higher land animals, including man.

As before intimated, it is very generally believed that Moses is the author of the book of Genesis, and that he wrote it near the beginning of the fifteenth century B. C. The opinion is held by many that he received it as a direct revelation from God, while others take the stand that he may have copied large parts of it from authentic manuscripts then in existence, and still others, who even accept the authorship of Moses, believe that he gathered the story from sources approaching the mythical. For our present purpose we shall refer to the author of the Bible account of creation, as contained in the first chapter of the Book of Genesis, simply as the writer, and for the argument at hand it matters not as to his identity. We hope to prove that the writer must have been inspired, or he could not have written the account as it appears.

It becomes necessary at this point to state that the chronology of creative events as given in the Book of Genesis has been vindicated by modern scientific discovery in almost ever detail. The means by which this has been done will be largely reserved for consideration in articles II and III. Granting, therefore, for the time being, that the Bible chronology of creation is correctly stated, inquiry will be turned at once to a consideration of the *source* of the writer's information; which, it appears, may be determined by the answers to the following questions:

1. Had the knowledge of the times reached a stage of

development sufficient to enable the writer to speak from the standpoint of actual acquaintance with the facts?

2. Did the writer arrive at this chronology through a process of reasoning?

3. Is the chronology as here stated simply the result of chance?

4. Did the writer receive his information as a revelation from Deity?

The questions will be considered in the order in which they are given. It is apparent that inasmuch as no human being was present at the time of the creation no history or tradition of these events is possible. The writer, whether Moses or someone preceding him, could not, therefore, have received his information from such sources. The only record of these events open to man is that written in the great Book of Nature, and in order to read it one must be versed in many, if not all of the intricacies of celestial mechanics, and more particularly modern stratigraphic geology. While, of course, this source of information has been in existence ever since the events recorded therein occurred, yet its value was not appreciated or even its existence known until many centuries after the Book of Genesis was written. It is, however, generally known that astronomy is one of the oldest sciences, yet it should be borne in mind that the first well-defined hypothesis of earth-origin was postulated by LaPlace scarcely more than one hundred years ago, or fully three thousand years after the Book of Genesis was written. Furthermore, this hypothesis deals only with the events which brought the earth into existence, but attempts no delineation of the appearance of life. The writer, therefore, could not have received his information from astronomical sources, firstly, because of the lack of development of that and allied science, and secondly, because astronomy, even in its most modern development, cannot deal with the origin of life, either floral or faunal.

William Smith (1769-1839) has been called the "Father of Stratigraphic Geology." In 1799, scarcely more than a century ago, he first pointed out that the history of the earth may be ascertained by a close study of the fossils contained within the rocks, and further, that each series of strata is characterized by

definitely defined flora and fauna. Stratigraphic geology, based primarily upon these facts announced by Smith, is now in a position to outline in considerable detail the order of appearance upon the earth of both plant and animal life, and this ability has arisen very largely within the last fifty years. We should say, therefore, in answer to the first question, that it would be wholly impossible for the writer of the Book of Genesis, living fifteen hundred years B. C., to have given this chronology through any information he may have received from the science of his times.

It has been argued by some that this chronology of creative events is the result of a combination of reasoning and chance — that the writer reasoned upon the matter, used good judgment, and was fortunate in stating the events correctly. This objection, however, is beset with many difficulties. Strangely enough the Bible chronology of creation does not appear to be a reasonable one until it is viewed in the light of recent scientific development. The following may be named as points which would likely have appeared inconsistent before their truth was supported by recent research: The appearance of vegetation before the sun began to shine; the existence of light before the appearance of the sun moon and stars; and the introduction of the sun as late as the fourth creative period. To the unscientific mind these points appear quite out of their natural order. Recent researches in paleontologic geology have, however, revealed the fact that the first types of vegetation were of the simplest sort, and of the kind which appear to have required but little direct light for their growth. The early absence of vegetation requiring large quantities of direct light is to some sufficient proof that the sun did not appear until well along in the creative period. In accord with certain laws pertaining to light and its origin, it is generally believed among scientists that the activity in matter during the first formative periods of the earth's history would be quite sufficient of itself to generate considerable light. And many further hold that during the early stages of the earth's formation it was enshrouded with great masses of vaporous material excluding the direct light of the sun and other celestial luminaries. It is not possible, however, that the writer could have come to the distinctive conclusion without some external assistance.

When driven to the extreme it might be urged, by some, who are opposed to the divine authenticity of the Bible, that the writer of the chronology of creation simply drew upon his imagination and proved fortunate, or, in other words, that the agreement of the Bible chronology with that worked out by scientific investigation is only a case of coincidence. The probabilities of chance in this case, however, are so great that this objection may at once be ruled out of the question. If six numbers representing creative events, and ranging from one to six, be placed in a receptacle, shaken and emptied, there is hardly one chance in thousands that they will appear in the order 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. And it would have been equally difficult for the writer to have arranged the events in their proper order had he depended wholly upon coincidence.

The facts thus far presented seem to show that the writer of the chronology of creation could not have received his information from the science of his day; that one unacquainted with modern scientific discoveries would have placed the creative events in quite another order; and that this chronology cannot be the result of chance. Another point which seems completely to incapacitate the writer for the task of forming the chronology was his undoubted ignorance of the existence of at least one of the events—the appearance of light independent of that of the sun, moon or stars.

And this brings us to the answer of the fourth question. The manuscript of the Bible chronology of creation was likely written near the beginning of the fifteenth century B. C. It was given first place in the Septuagint version, translated practically two hundred years B. C. It, of course, was not written as a scientific treatise, but was apparently designed to meet the needs of a primitive people who trusted in God for their guidance. It has stood the test of discovery and criticism for more than three thousand years, and it now coincides in almost every detail with the most advanced scientific discovery of our times. It seems quite apparent that the writer of that account could not have received his information from any source except that of revelation. He must have been inspired.

A Plea for the Larger Life.

BY MILTON BENNION, M. A., PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY, UNIVERSITY
OF UTAH.

Every year, in my classes in ethics, somebody suggests that our supposed regard for the welfare of others is, after all, only selfishness; that when we do good to others it is only because we think it will promote our own individual happiness. In other words, that we are purely selfish creatures, acting upon the law of self-preservation, which in man becomes self-aggrandizement. We sometimes look upon social and political organizations and public institutions in the same way. In this light, a political party is supposed to do whatever will perpetuate its own existence or further its own success. Even churches, and organizations within the churches, have sometimes taken this narrow point of view. We commonly justify the public school system on the ground that the state has the right of self-preservation, and that in a democratic state, public education is necessary to the preservation of the state.

There is no doubt but that the individual has the right of self-preservation, and that institutions have this right, so long as they are serving a useful purpose; but, so far, they have not risen to the plane of ethical living. They are on the biological plane, common to man and the lower animals.

Let us look at human life from another standpoint. Mankind has two kinds of possessions, *i. e.*, material and spiritual. The material possessions consist of the natural resources of the earth, which, in theory, belong to all mankind; and the material products of labor, which become the property of the producer. The spirit-

ual possessions are the product and the property of the whole race. Possession by one does not preclude possession by all, but rather helps others to like possession.

The spiritual achievements of the race, including the knowledge underlying material progress, are acquired by a slow process of creation, discovery and invention, the results of which are accumulated and transmitted from one generation to another. Every man born into a civilized society is heir to this spiritual wealth. Each individual can be a partaker of the results of the labors of all, and each is involuntarily a partaker in a large degree. What he gets beyond this will depend in part upon his native capacity, but primarily upon his own efforts.

In a survey of the history of civilization we are likely to undervalue its foundational elements; to overlook the fact that the men who first invented the simplest tools, the use of metals and any method of extracting metals from their ores; and the men who first domesticated plants and animals and discovered how to till the soil, are the peers of Morse and Edison. We forget that our greater achievements of the present are not due to our superior native abilities, but to the vast inheritance that comes to us as a result of the labors of many generations of men. The labors of these unnumbered generations is constantly manifest in all our activities. As one writer has said, "The man who invented the plow is invisible beside the plowman."

As civilization passes its primitive stages it becomes necessary to have special institutions for the preservation and transmission of the spiritual wealth that makes civilization. The school is such an institution. The common schools aim to transmit the knowledge and the tools of knowledge that are most essential to the well-being of all. The higher schools aim to perpetuate and augment all that is best in civilization. The ideal university aims to represent all the most fundamental branches of learning, and as far as possible, to master these fields and enlarge them by research. It is the proper business of all these schools, from bottom to top, to guard not only the purely intellectual and æsthetic products of the race, but, most of all, to preserve and foster the highest ideals of life and conduct.

In somewhat the same way, the state, the church, the family,

and other less universal institutions, each has its special function in caring for and advancing the co-operative business of mankind. The words of St. Paul, "We are every one members one of another," addressed to the members of the Christian Church, can be applied with equal force to the whole human race.

The legitimate sphere of individualism consists in the right and duty of self-development on the part of each man and woman, but that development is unethical and onesided if it is not directed toward the service of humanity. We recognize, further, the right of the individual to judge moral questions that concern his own life, but that judgment must have respect to the well-being of the whole race. That moral philosophy, however, which gives the individual the right to do as he pleases, so long as he does not interfere with the like right of others, recognizes only a negative duty. No man can be thus free from positive obligation to his fellows. As partakers of the spiritual wealth of civilized society, we are debtors to humanity, and, as such, can fill our obligations to the race only by using our abilities and knowledge to the fullest extent for the benefit of mankind. This debt on the part of the one to the many is so great that no man can possibly do more than justice demands of him by way of service. Not how much, but how best can we serve, is the problem for each of us to solve. Let us find what we can do best that society needs most; then do it with the well-being of our fellows as a motive, and our own happiness will take care of itself. "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it." No greater truth was ever written. It is also true that he that seeketh his own pleasure shall lose it; while he that loseth himself in the service of God and his fellowmen shall find an enduring happiness in fellowship with them. This is the proper end and destiny of man.

FOREST DALE, UTAH.

What Can a High Priest Do?*

BY HARRY E. BAKER, OF THE NORTH WEBER STAKE HIGH COUNCIL.

Those who have been ordained to the high priesthood have reached the most advanced ground to be had in the Church. It is that order which Jesus held on earth, "called of God an High Priest after the order of Melchizedek," and opens the door to the greatest possibilities offered to man. The path to eternal Godhood, which is an office of presidency, lies through this order of the priesthood, and such an exaltation can never be attained outside of it. The presidency of a church or the presidency of a world must spring up out of this priesthood. The duties of the calling are essentially those of presidency. I think in the study of the various orders and functions of priesthood, the mind should clearly grasp the distinction between duties of presiding and duties of ministering. All other orders of priesthood involve various forms of ministration. This one which we are considering alone carries with it the authority of leadership—the standing at the head—the handling of the reins of power. The high priest is a spiritual director or general leader. The president of the Church, his counselors, presidents of stakes and their immediate advisers, bishops of wards and their counselors, all must be high priests. The presiding and commanding positions which they hold make it essential that they possess this priesthood.

Now, with this distinctive feature before us, let us turn to our subject, "What can a high priest do that he is not specially called to do, to help the work of the Lord in his ward?"

*Delivered at the tri-stake Priesthood Convention, Ogden, July 10, 1910.

The spirit of his priesthood is that of counseling, directing, leading; and to magnify it he must be imbued with that spirit. Men who find themselves in this position are, as a rule, advanced in years and therefore are ripe in experience and full of wisdom and understanding, and are therefore the better qualified to possess and exercise the spirit of this priesthood. Such men should be possessed of this spirit of counseling and directing all the time and wherever they go. They are ordained to this calling in the midst of the people. They should be looked up to and deferred to by members of the Church, because of this high office and the consequent seal of authority which God has sealed upon them. In so far as men enjoy the special spirit of their priesthood, and walk by faith, they realize this fact. And in as far as members of the Church have been instructed and received light and also walk by faith, they will recognize, with every mark of consideration, the gifts and powers and privileges of the high priesthood, and they will be found enquiring to know who is and who is not a high priest for this purpose.

In the Sunday school and more especially in the parents' class is a splendid field for a high priest to magnify his calling. The subjects dealt with in the parents' department are of a practical nature and cover a vast field in the rearing and training of children, involving all the varied experiences of life. Nowhere can the experience and wisdom of the high priest be used to better advantage than in this field of usefulness. The young parents who attend these classes are there seeking for guidance in the difficult problems that arise daily in their homes. They are not there so much to give as to get good, wholesome ideas of child-rearing and training. The exchange of ideas at these classes often reaches to the very heart of the problems in hand, and becomes intensely interesting and profitable to young parents. Instinctively the high priest ought to realize that there is unmistakably one of his fields for usefulness. He should bring to the help of these young parents his experiences of years in the rearing of a family—point out to them his mistakes and direct them in safer paths. He must not suppose that because he has reared a family and has no young children that he himself is past the need of discussion in regard to child-rearing, for he has only passed

through a kindergarten school himself, as it were, and will again engage in this same business hereafter, bringing to his aid only that wisdom which he is able to draw from his life on the earth.

But the opportunities of the high priest to be of service in his ward are by no means limited to the parents' class. They are an advisory body of men, and it should be considered the duty of the younger element of the ward to seek counsel under them continually and, if done in the spirit of the priesthood, that is, with the recognition that they should so respect the priesthood, they will seldom fail of getting right counsel. This sacred right to advise and counsel should be ever in the mind of the man so honored, and he should be prudent and thoughtful in exercising this privilege, and above all, prayerful, that he may always be possessed of the Spirit of God, that he may in his ripened years be an unfailing fountain of true wisdom, and a mariner whose compass is always set to the safe point. This is his high privilege. And whenever a man so possessing the high priesthood continually seeks by prayer for this endowment of the spirit, he may obtain it and keep it. The hay-day in his blood is tame. The excitements and temptations of youth have largely passed away, and he is no longer subject to those failings which so often deprive men of the spirit of their calling. For this reason the younger element can rely with more certainty on the counsel of the aged than upon those of middle life or younger. It is not so much a matter of intellect as in being under the immediate influence of the Spirit, for the Spirit will not err in counsel. But if the high priest will not thus seek diligently to obtain the spirit of his calling he cannot magnify his priesthood in this particular field of endeavor, for the people will quickly detect his lack of the spirit of counsel and leave him alone—while, on the other hand, if he possesses it they will know it intuitively and seek after him. It is the duty of the high priest to recognize this special power and right in himself, to exercise it on all suitable occasions, and not hold his peace and be a silent man. It is his duty to act in this respect, to show forth his wisdom, and apply it in the interest of God's people.

The Mutual Improvement Associations should be visited by him frequently, and all the quorums of the priesthood. If he sees

anything of note for the attention of the bishop, he should not hesitate to make mention of it to that officer.

The bishop needs wise suggestions, and he would be an unworthy bishop indeed who would not gladly listen to the suggestions of a high priest. He ought to obtain more from that body of men in his ward than from any others, as to the feeling and needs of the people. The true bishop should have it in heart to say, "My dear brother, you are a high priest, I need your suggestions and counsel to aid me in the proper conducting of my administration of the ward. Do not hesitate to point out to me any matter that may be upon your mind. I shall appreciate it." The bishop and high priest belong to the same quorum, they are cut from the same piece of cloth, so to speak; therefore, it is most fitting that such a close relationship should exist and be recognized on the part of both. Much depends, it is true, upon the bishop in this matter. If he courts the counsel of his high priests they should be found in that prayerful, spiritual condition enabling them to render him invaluable aid, but if he does not recognize in a practical way the value of this high relationship, the high priest can be of little direct aid to him.

It is a serious mistake for any high priest to look upon himself as out of the harness or laid upon the shelf. While younger and more active men may have been called to places which require a great deal of activity and the strenuous life—it does not imply that the Church no longer needs the services of the high priest, by any manner of means. He should keep his harness on in proportion to his ability to get about. Keep it on and die in it. Then he will find it strapped to him when he awakens on the other side, and himself ready for the activities which may await him there, and thus not unduly lengthen the period of negative existence due to the infirmities of age.

But the high priest not appointed to specific work should be actively interested in the work for the dead, and should visit and inspire the families of the Saints to follow up this great work. In this field he can be of incalculable service to the bishop and the ward. Where there are parents who have not been sealed or had their children sealed to them, where families do not sense the great importance of work for their dead and are neglecting it and

dying and passing away without accomplishing it in some degree, it is peculiarly the privilege of the high priest to enlighten their minds and awaken their interest in the salvation of their dead. His field of activity in this direction is limitless, and the call for his services is loud indeed. If it be true that a man by striving all his life and bringing but one soul to Christ will have such great joy in the kingdom of heaven, how great may be the joy of those high priests, who, relieved of the more exacting labors of the priesthood, turn their attention to this great subject, and become the means of arousing family after family to look after the salvation of their dead. What could be a more fitting rounding out of an active life in the ministry? What could be a more fitting close of an eventful and useful career than attention to the great work for the dead? As a Church we are doing too little in this direction. Our temples are not all filled, and many families are wholly neglecting to attend to the duty they owe their progenitors. This work should be taken up more vigorously and more systematically than has been the case, and I do not know wherein the priesthood could do better than to lay this responsible charge upon the shoulders of the high priests. I hope to see the day when bishops will be called upon to set their high priests at work systematically along this line. But whether this is done or not, it is now an open field for honors of the very highest kind, and which will reach into eternity with greater glory to the doer than any other labor that can be pursued here upon the earth—for the beneficiaries there awaiting the coming of the laborer in the kingdom will crown him with mighty praises and thanksgiving.

OGDEN, UTAH.

Remain Faithful.

“Nothing is so difficult as to remain faithful. Those who will fulfil on a rainy day a promise which they have made on a sunny one, are few and far between.”—WAGNER.

Editor's Table.

Faith.

Many young people have an idea that faith pertains entirely to what they please to term "religion;" and so when a person begins to speak of faith they wander off, apparently losing interest in what might follow, because they fear religious principles are to be discussed in which they are seemingly little interested. The Latter-day Saints, however, believe that faith is essential in all things—temporal and spiritual. In fact, they are firm believers in the truth that the spiritual and the temporal go together, not only to make the perfect man and woman, but to make a perfect character. It is forcibly set forth in the revelations of the Prophet Joseph Smith that "spirit and element, inseparably connected, receiveth a fulness of joy; and when separated, man cannot receive a fulness of joy." In a recent number of the *Youth's Companion* the following striking narrative confirms the teachings of the Latter-day Saints that faith lies at the basis of all action,—religious and scientific. The scientists base their works on faith as certainly as prophets, saints, and the elders:

"The trouble is," said Harold Raymond, on his return from his second year in college, "that when you enter the sphere of religion, you deal with something quite different from anything that you meet in science. In the one you move step by step along lines of induction or deduction, and in the other you fling a highway through the air, in a bold and beautiful manner, but in a way quite different from that of science."

"I am not sure that the difference is so great as we are accustomed to suppose," replied his friend. "I have been thinking how scientific faith is, or, rather, how large a part faith plays in science. No man ever made a great discovery that was wholly an accident. Even if he

were seeking the Northwest Passage and found America, it was faith that was guiding him."

"But it is a very different thing from what you call faith, isn't it?" asked Harold. "Faith seems very vague as compared with the processes of science."

"I don't think so. I have wondered how it would seem if we were to try to add some modern names of science to the great muster-roll of faith in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews."

"I should like to hear how it would sound."

"By faith Columbus, when he was called of God to discover a new world, went out, not knowing whither he went. By faith he sailed strange waters, with Cabot, Magellan, Vespuceus and Balboa, the heirs with him of the same promise.

"By faith Copernicus lifted the earth from its solid base and set it to moving in rhythmic order round the sun; and all the suns and sons of suns with planets in bright array that circle round the throne of God. This he beheld by faith.

"By faith LaPlace understood how the worlds are made from stardust; and Newton beheld in the fall of the apple a force that holds the worlds in place, and that not by things that do appear.

"By faith the men of science, who did not always call themselves men of faith, found substance in the things hoped for, and moved from experiment to hypothesis and from hypothesis to theory, and from theory to fact and from fact to sight; and all these were the children of faith.

"And what shall I more say? For time would fail me to tell of Stephenson and Fulton, of Morse and Roentgen and Edison and Lister; of Cyrus Field and Alexander Bell and Marconi and Wilbur Wright, who through faith made iron float, yoked chariots to the invisible power of steam, caused the voice of man to be heard by his fellow man at a distance of a thousand miles, filled the air with voices inaudible to the ear, but intelligible to the mind of faith, and lifted the bodies and the minds of men on wings of wonder, and set them to sailing amid the clouds.

"By faith they built railways, irrigated deserts, crossed the trackless ice to the poles; subdued climate, overcame hardship and incredulity; out of weakness were made strong, and added to the space and comfort of human life, and gave wonderful analogies to those who seek the farther knowledge which is by faith.

"Now they who do such things all die in faith, and none of them fully receive the promise, God having provided some better thing that we, too, should learn the lesson of faith, and follow their steps.

"And wherein we have learned from saints and apostles, and the

Lord of life, and have found sure footing for faith, let us not count it unreasonable that still we follow, and live the life of faith."

Messages from the Missions.

Elders Edward W. Jensen and Charles H. Sorensen, writing from Aalborg, Denmark, July 4, on tracting, state that during the past year they found a number of people in that old city, in which there are many good and honest members of the Church, who are willing to listen to the truth about the Latter-day Saints. The photos illustrate the elders meeting one of the prejudiced kind, who is receiving a tract and tearing it up before them, showing his contempt. While tracting is difficult and disagreeable, many times the elders through it receive an introduction. They recognize that tracts

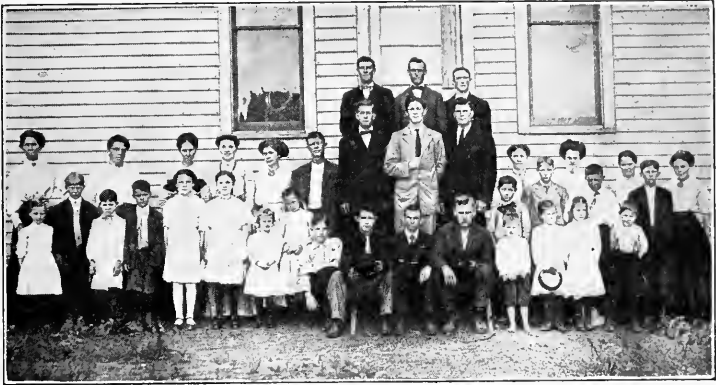
are used not so much to sell as to introduce the message that they have to deliver. We are called to search for the honest in heart, and we know that the words of the Savior to his servants are true: "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come."

The responsibility rests upon us to warn all the people that God has revealed his gospel, and to call them to repentance and belief. We are often spoken of with contempt in the public press, and despised by our enemies, but we still find many good and honest friends willing to give us an opportunity to explain to them the truth, and to judge us by our works. So we cheerfully labor.

Elder T. F. Sevy, writing from Linton, Indiana, July 23, 1910, speaks of the first Sunday school organized in Linton, Indiana, of which he sends a photograph. The three elders in the rear have been in charge since last February. They are, reading from left to right: Elders T. F. Sevy, Elial Hadlock, superintendent, and Fayne Miliner. Other elders who are laboring in the city are, second row: C. W. Ellsworth, Vernon



Robinson, of Linton, Indiana, who was the first elder ever called from Indiana as a regular missionary, and R. S. Reid.



FIRST LATTER-DAY SAINT SUNDAY SCHOOL IN LINTON, INDIANA.

Elder Rudger Clawson, of the European mission, lately made a tour of the continent, visiting the Scandinavian and Swedish missions, and thence to Germany, where he met, in Hamburg, with President Thomas E. McKay and the elders, on July 20. The following day he went to Berlin, and thence to Holland. He reports as follows in the *Millennial Star*:

"At 2:30 p. m., July 21, we met with the elders of the Berlin conference, at Berlin, an active, wide-awake, and intelligent body of young men, as, in truth, were all the elders I have met during my visit on the continent.

"At the evening meeting the hall was crowded with Saints and friends, but the occasion was greatly marred by the entrance of the police, who unceremoniously, and in defiance of true politeness, interrupted the speaker and closed the meeting. [An account of this trouble, in which President Clawson figured, being held in prison overnight, appears in another part of this number of the ERA.]

"Yesterday, July 24, I had the pleasure of attending a notable conference of the Netherlands mission, held in Rotterdam. President Joseph F. Smith, Bishop Charles W. Nibley and other visitors, and about one hundred and fifty elders were present, President B. G. Thatcher taking charge. At the afternoon services there were eleven hundred people present and in the evening fifteen hundred crowded into the hall, and listened with rapt attention to the testimonies and exhortations of the prophet of God, the presiding bishop and the elders of the Church. The

Sunday evening meeting was one of the largest, if not the largest, meetings ever held by our Church in the world, outside the stakes of Zion. There were fifteen hundred present; of this number eight hundred were friends. Thirteen hundred and fifty books were sold.

"Two priesthood meetings were held today at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. There were present President Joseph F. Smith, Bishop Charles W. Nibley, myself, President Thomas E. McKay, President B. G. Thatcher, one hundred and forty elders, and a number of visitors. Many timely suggestions and wise counsels were given by President Smith and others, and it was a matter of regret when the meeting came to a close. Priesthood meetings will continue tomorrow and Wednesday, when an adjournment will be reached.

"President Smith leaves tomorrow (Tuesday) morning for Denmark and the north, and it is expected will meet with the elders and Saints in Copenhagen, Christiania and Stockholm before returning."

It is expected that President Smith and Bishop Nibley will arrive in Salt Lake City about September 8.



THE L. D. S. CHOIR AT STOCKHOLM, SWEDISH MISSION.

Priesthood Quorums' Table.

“The Place and Functions of Elders’ Quorums in the Church.”—This paper was read before the tri-stake Priesthood Convention, July 16, 1910, at Ogden, by William D. VanDyke, of the North Weber stake high council:

At the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, April 6, 1830, the prophet called upon the brethren present, asking if they would accept himself and Oliver Cowdery as their teachers in spiritual things, and if they were willing that he should proceed to organize the Church, according to the commandments of the Lord. To this they consented. The prophet then ordained Oliver an elder of the Church of Jesus Christ, after which Oliver ordained the prophet an elder of said Church. Joseph and Oliver had previously been ordained apostles under the hands of Peter, James and John, and had doubtless reordained each other; yet, when it came to the organization of the Church, they were instructed in the art of order and government. Hence our Father commanded the prophet and Oliver to ordain each other elders in the Church, and thus this office in the priesthood was created and instituted as the first stepping stone of growth and development in the Melchizedek Priesthood.

In later revelations from the Lord, the duties and labors of the elders are definitely stated. In his broad, and comprehensive field of labor, he has the authority to preach the gospel, baptize, lay on hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, administer the sacrament, and preside where there is no high priest present. Indeed, he has a right to officiate in a high priest’s stead when there is no high priest present, confirm baptized members of the Church, and ordain other elders, priests teachers and deacons.

Ninety-six elders constitute a quorum which is presided over by a president and two counselors, “whose duty it is to sit in council with them, and teach them according to the covenants.” There may be any number of quorums of elders in a branch or stake of Zion, as there is no

limit whatever given in the revelations. The elders' "quorum is instituted for standing ministers, nevertheless they may travel, yet they are ordained to be standing ministers to my Church" (Sec. 124: 137). All quorums of elders are under the supervision and jurisdiction of the presidency of the stake in which they are located, hence in the Church of Christ they are definitely known as stake organizations, although the members are under the jurisdiction of the bishop of the ward in which they reside. This fact, when understood aright, should prevent any friction or confusion between the bishop and the elders' quorums, for I take it the bishops will not call upon the elders for other labors on quorum meeting nights, unless it becomes absolutely necessary. These conditions, however, remain in the discretion of the bishop of the ward in which the elder resides.

Numerically considered, our elders' quorums constitute the largest body of the priesthood, and I am informed that the great majority of the missionaries abroad are now from the elders' quorums. But let me ask, how many quorums in these three stakes are in touch with their elders abroad? How many quorums have sent out letters of encouragement to their brothers in the field? How many of the quorums have inquired as to the finances of their poorer members abroad who, perhaps are stranded? How many quorums have taken steps among its members at home, who are able, to send the worthy and needful fellow-members in the field a few dollars, on Christmas or New Year? How many quorums inquire concerning the welfare of the families of their absent missionaries? All of these important duties, I take it, are functions of the elders' quorums as a whole.

However, I think the primary reasons for which the elders' quorums in the Church were organized are for convenience, for discipline, order, instruction in the art and system of government, and to encourage and educate its members in the gospel of Christ, and in their duties in the priesthood. Indeed, the mission and functions of the elders' quorums are foreshadowed in the following portion of one of the revelations. I read from section 88 of the Doctrine and Covenants:

And, as all have not faith, seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning even by study, and also by faith. Organize yourselves, prepare every needful thing, and establish a house, even a house of prayer, a house of fasting, a house of faith, a house of learning, a house of glory, a house of order, a house of God. That your incomings may be in the name of the Lord; that your outgoings may be in the name of the Lord; that all your salutations may be in the name of the Lord, with uplifted hands unto the Most High. . . . Appoint yourselves a

teacher, and let not all be spokesmen at once; but let one speak at a time, and let all listen unto his sayings, that when all have spoken, that all may be edified of all, and that every man may have an equal privilege.

In the foregoing statement I have endeavored briefly to outline the mission and duties of the elders' quorums, to their members at home and abroad. Let us now briefly consider the duties of the individual elder to his quorum and to the priesthood which he holds in the Church. First, there is the attendance at quorum meetings. During the time that I labored in the presidency of one of the elders' quorums of the old Weber stake, I discovered that one of the greatest difficulties we had to contend with was non-attendance at quorum meetings. This led to an inquiry as to the cause, which revealed various excuses. Among them was that of some of the younger brethren that they had recently been married, and that their wives would not stay at home alone. Unfortunately for the elders' quorums, in many cases in the past young men were ordained elders before they were eligible for marriage in the temple. Too often their only object was to get married; hence they considered the ordination to the office of elder merely a mechanical process to obtain their object. The result is they attended their quorum meeting for the ordination and then failed to attend future meetings. In our enquiries we received excuses from some of these brethren fulfilling the words of the parable in the scriptures: "I pray thee have me excused. . . . I have married a wife and cannot come."

The only cure for these evils, and to increase the attendance, is a constant looking after, a continuous following them up, on the part of the presidency of the quorum, assisted by faithful members. It is an excellent plan for the president of a quorum to appoint one of the faithful members, who lives near a delinquent member, to call upon the delinquent on the following Monday night and bring him, if possible, to the quorum meeting with him. The following up plan, of course, should be done "by persuasion, by long-suffering, by gentleness and meekness and love unfeigned. . . . That he may know that thy faithfulness is stronger than the cords of death."

Then, too, the quorum presidency should see to it that every member has something to do continually. Make a definite rule to commence meetings on time, and close on time. Avoid, by all means, discussions on technical, and perhaps immaterial questions. Have a program prepared which will be carried out systematically and with spice. If there are members of the quorum who are inclined to sing, group them together and encourage them to sing before the quorum in a quartette, or other-

wise. The Lord has said, concerning the songs of Zion, "For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart, yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads" (Doc. and Cov. 25: 12).

I think the primary cause of non-interest and slackness of duty by some elders in their quorums, and in the Church, is due to the fact that they do not understand the spirit and weight of their calling; they do not appreciate their standing in the priesthood. It is conferred upon them as a free jewel from heaven, but they understand not its value. Therefore, let the faithful quorum workers unite, and enquire after the delinquents in the spirit of kindness and brotherly love, explaining unto them that where much is given much will be required and "he that is slothful shall not be counted worthy to stand, and he that learns not his duty and shows himself not approved shall not be counted worthy to stand." Endeavor also to arouse the spark of divinity which rests dormant in their bosoms. Show them the blessings in store for faithful elders, that "by magnifying their calling they may be sanctified by the spirit unto the renewing of their bodies, they may become the seed of Abraham and the Church and kingdom, and the elect of God."

Steadfastness.—We have determined that the gospel is true. Let us remain steadfast. "A man should not incessantly change with every impression of the moment, but should remain steadfast when he has once determined upon what is right. Of what use are the flowers if they do not produce fruits, and of good ideas if they are not transmuted into deeds? We must encourage stability, habituate ourselves to remain constant, and when we are sure that we are right, must fortify ourselves against invasion. Do not let criticisms or attacks disturb you."

—WAGNER.

Quorum Outlines.—Quorums desiring outlines should send orders to the IMPROVEMENT ERA, 20-22 Bishop's Building, and the books will be forwarded promptly. All outlines are fifteen cents each this year. Now that the quorums have resumed work again, every member should have an outline.

Mutual Work.

The Y. M. M. I. A. Reading Course.

Dr. George H. Brimhall, president of the Brigham Young University, and chairman of the General Board Y. M. M. I. A. Committee on Reading Course, has this to say to young men about books:

Man is what he feeds on, and what he does. Physically, man feeds on food, drink, air, light and temperature. Intellectually, man feeds on ideas, and one of the best of these feeding grounds is a book, *i. e.*, a good book. "Tell me what you think, and I'll tell you what you are." Tell me what you *read* and I'll tell you what you *think*. Choice ideas lead to choice habits, choice habits make choice men. Choice books contain the choicest ideas of the choicest minds.

The production and preservation of books has been a matter of Divine care. The Lord indicated to Nephi that the fate of a whole people depended on the getting of a book from the library of Laban. It would appear that the Book of Mormon had a guardian angel of no common type. Through the ages that it slumbered in the hill, the hour of its coming forth was marked on the dial plate of prophecy. The Lord loves books because they are levers for lifting men to higher things. He counsels, saying, "Seek ye knowledge out of the best books." If God indicated that the salvation of a nation depended on a book, what shall we say of the possibility of saving an individual without books? Can it be done in the light of the declaration, "No man can be saved in ignorance?" "Man is saved no faster than he gets knowledge."

The Adamic race had a written language in the first dispensation. The Lord taught them to write and read. The race that reads not, has no civilization. It can no more become civilized than a man can become educated without a memory. Books are the memory of the race. Now it comes to this,—read, or be ruled out from the best society.

The following gem from the pen of Channing may be committed to memory with great profit:

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds, and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of

all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am—no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling—if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of paradise, and Shakespeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultured man.

It has been said that the difference between a book and a person is that one you can shut up when you wish, while the other you can't. Well, a book once read cannot be shut up. Its pages are ever after open to him who has read it, either encouraging him upward or drawing him downward.

Books are to be chosen with the same care as companions. Careless companionship is no more dangerous than is *idle* reading.

THE BOOKS FOR THIS M. I. A. YEAR.

Knowing that lofty literature leads to the inability to love low ideals, the committee has selected several volumes for the junior students. *Captain Bonneville*, by Washington Irving, a true-to-life description of the pre-pioneer period of the great Rocky mountain region. The book is a master pen-picture of the invasion of the wild west by the adventurous trapper and explorer. Read it, and you cannot help remembering its contents, unless your memory has been enebriated by sensationalism.

Widow O'Callaghan's Boys—Zollinger: No boy can read this little volume without having a higher regard for "Mother's Boy," and an increase of desire to be more helpful at home. The story leads on in a way that the reader wants to follow to a finish. The pages fairly sparkle with what might be called domestic psychology. It is good reading for mothers as well as their sons.

The Bishop's Shadow: This book is published without introduction or preface. The author, I. T. Thurston, thinks it all sufficient to put on the fly-leaf, "To the Beautiful Memory of Philips Brooks," and launches us out upon a boy-life voyage with the story of "A Lost Pocketbook." One of the charms of the work is the resting places where the reader may stop and look back as one who has mowed a swath of fragrant grass, and, after "sharpening up a bit," leans forward and cuts on and

on, joyously triumphant to the end of the field. It is a case of the man winning the boy and the boy winning his way. This book is good reading for the father, the teacher and the president.

Titcomb's Letters, by J. G. Holland, is suited to both Junior and Senior students. This work has lived the law of the survival of the fittest for nearly a quarter of a century. The first letter, "Getting the Right Start," is splendid, but no better than those which follow. The volume contains twenty-four letters, eight to young men and eight to young women, and eight to young married people. The writer is pointed, practical and yet poetic. It is a work of high themes, handled in a masterly manner.

For the Senior students, *Friendship and Other Essays*, the product of the great mind of Emerson. The volume contains three world-famed essays—"Friendship," "Prudence," and "Heroism." Each essay is a string of pearls; a stream of purest, highest thoughts, information, ideality, and inspiration flows from the pages. To read any part of this book is to feel one's self rising into a higher self. Here are some sample sentences from its pages:

"We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken."

"Nature punishes any neglect of Prudence."

"The characteristic of a genuine heroism is its persistency."

Get this little book. You can put it in your coat pocket. At leisure time you can converse with a man of whom the Anglo-Saxon race may well be proud. It is no small thing to say that you are acquainted with Emerson.

Lorna Doone, by Blackmore. It is not too much to say that this is a choice story—a real romance furnishing elevated entertainment. Any one who recreates in such a field of poetic prose as the pages of this classic furnishes, will have a literary taste which will revolt against any indulgence in low literature. Tell me what a man likes to read, and I will tell you what he has been reading.

Brewer's American Citizenship—full of crisp, up-to-date ideas on the very things that we need in our community life. Every American worthy the name is a prince or a princess, by birth or adoption. The two great things to learn are—first, to be a man, then to be a citizen. Empty your pocket into your brain by buying and reading this book.

Reading Course Methods. "DIFFERENTIATE OR DIE" is a law which has been in force from the beginning, and it has not been repealed by nature, yet. Every line of life is operating under it today. It is as operative in education as it is in business, so put this reading course work under the supervision of some one or more persons in your stake,

and in each ward, and see that it is worked at, and reports made of its success or its failure. Give time, somewhere at your meetings, for a review of the books. Make the Reading Course a live part of a live association. Bring it to the front sometime, somehow, somewhere. Officers should get into the books, and let the books get into them, and this will make appreciation possible. Nothing can grow so well without official appreciation as it can with it. Appreciation is the highest kind of encouragement. Let the M. I. A. in its Reading Course echo the Call of the Ages, "Go on, or get out of the way."

Public Library and Reading Rooms:—Let us encourage the free public library by lending it support, and by giving it our patronage.

The library habit is a sure cure for the pool-room pastime: one is a mind-filler, and the other is a time-killer.

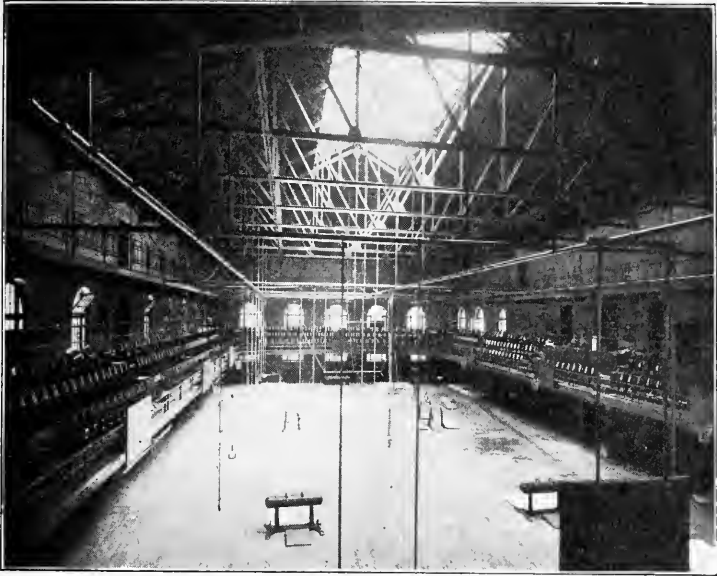
The home-reading habit is a safeguard of the home-loving instinct. "And the more of home, the more of heaven in this life."

PROVO, UTAH.

The Deseret Gymnasium.

The opening for physical examination and membership, September 1, of the Deseret Gymnasium marks a new epoch in the progress of Church work. The Church has always encouraged manly sports and legitimate enjoyments. It is a part of its creed that the most efficient Latter-day Saint is the one who is well balanced mentally, morally, and physically. In the city the chances for proper physical training are small. The tendency is for the young people to grow up hollow-chested and weak-eyed. Hence, the authorities deemed it necessary to provide some means of securing for the young people a place where they could get this physical training, and that under the direction of our own people. At the same time they thought to provide a means of legitimate enjoyment to the young people by encouraging athletic games and contests.

The Deseret Gymnasium, to be opened September 15, is the largest and best equipped institution in the intermountain district. It is ninety feet wide by one hundred and fifty feet long—outside measurement, and is three stories high. On the ground floor are the offices of the director and instruction staff, a barber shop, six standard bowling alleys, a room for handball, a private exercise room, two rooms for visiting teams, twenty-three private dressing rooms, a locker-room containing thirteen hundred steel lockers, a private locker-room, twelve showers, a wash and toilet room, and the pool.



MAIN HALL, DESERET GYMNASIUM.

The pool itself is thirty feet wide and sixty feet long. It is four and one-half feet deep at one end and eight feet deep at the other. The whole room is finished in white glazed tile. A spectator's gallery surrounds the room, about twelve feet above the floor. The showers, toilet and wash rooms, which are between the locker-room and the plunge, are finished in white marble. No one will be allowed in the plunge until he has taken a shower, in order to keep the water in the plunge as clean as possible.

The second floor is occupied by the main gymnasium, the wrestling room, and the physical examiner's office. Here is every kind of apparatus imaginable for developing the body. Indian clubs, dumb-bells, chest-weights, and ladders line the wall, in neat arrangement. There are jumping and vaulting standards, parallel bars, horizontal bars, horses and mats round the outer part of the floor, while in the center there are four basketball courts, flying rings, traveling rings, trapezes, and rope ladders. Then there are medicine balls, kicking standards, a rowing machine, wrist and leg machines, a neck machine, back machines and almost anything else you can imagine. The rings, trapezes and ladders are hung from steel beams in the top of the building, where a big sky light affords ample light.

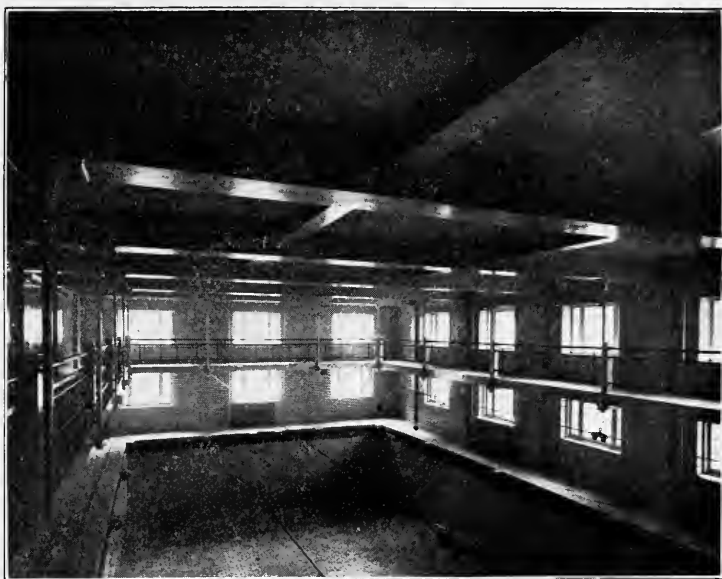
The third floor is the spectator's gallery. It surrounds the whole main room. It is sloped like an amphitheater and contains six hundred and fifty opera chairs. Besides these there is standing room for three

or four hundred people, so that a thousand people can be accommodated to watch exhibitions and contests. Above the spectator's gallery, encircling the whole main room is the running track. It is fourteen and one-half laps to the mile, is covered with cork, and is wide enough for two runners. In two corners of the building there are steel stairs leading up to the spectator's gallery and running track, and in the other two corners there are brass rods for sliding down to the main floor. The whole building is ventilated by a fan-blast system, which insures fresh air throughout even though the windows are shut.

Any person over twelve years old, of good character, is entitled to membership in the gymnasium. Only women will be admitted in the mornings and Monday evenings. The afternoons and evenings are reserved for the men. The men's membership is divided into four grades. The junior grade comprises those between twelve and fourteen years of age. These are admitted two afternoons a week, and pay six dollars membership fee and one dollar locker fee a year. The boys in the intermediate grade are from fifteen to seventeen. They are admitted any afternoon until 6 o'clock, and pay eleven dollars membership fee and one dollar locker fee. Those in the senior grade must be over eighteen. They have full privileges of the gymnasium when it is not occupied by the women. They pay seventeen dollars membership fee and one dollar locker fee. The fourth grade is for business men. They pay twenty-five dollars a year for full privileges of the gymnasium. A similar division is made for the women at reduced rates. In this way it is hoped to give the privileges of the gymnasium to a large number of people.

Everyone who applies for membership must undergo two examinations,—a physical examination, and a medical examination, in order that such work may be prescribed as will tend to remedy any physical or organic defect, and at the same time prevent injury to weak hearts from too violent exercises.

The success of the undertaking is assured. Bryant S. Hinckley, formerly principal of the Latter-day Saints Business College, is the general secretary, W. B. Day, who has had twenty years experience in similar work in the Y. M. C. A.'s throughout the country, is the physical director. Robert Richardson and Anna Nebeker, both of the University of Utah, will be his assistants. Besides these there will be coaches in wrestling, swimming, and probably fencing. These instructors, besides their work in the gymnasium, will help to organize athletics and conduct meetings in the Y. M. M. I. A. and other organizations in other stakes outside the city. There will doubtless also be training classes organized for the accommodation of representatives from the Y. M. M. I. A. of other stakes. The gymnasium will be used for the final contests and



SWIMMING POOL.

meets. By this system of extension work it is hoped to put all athletics in the Church on a basis of true sportsmanship,—to teach that it is better to lose honorably than to win by trickery.

Rigby Stake Athletics.

Superintendent Willard S. Burton, of the Rigby stake writes to the ERA announcing the first athletic contest of that stake, held at Lewisville, August 10, with a large and enthusiasastic gathering in attendance. Most of the prizes awarded to any of the associations of the stake were given to Menan. All the events, except base ball and basket ball, were free for all to enter.

Two baseball games, five innings each, were played, Grant winning against Menan.

Three basket ball games were played by the Y. L. M. I. A.: Garfield vs. Grant, and Rigby vs. Menan. The two winning teams, Garfield and Menan played a third game for a basket ball and the stake champanionship, Menan winning.

The pole vault was won by D. Ballantyne, of Menan, record 8 feet 6 inches; the run and broad jump by John Jeff, of Lewisville, record 16 feet 3 inches; shot put (14-pound ball) by Mr. Kennedy, of Rigby, record 34 feet 4 inches. Mr. Batt, of Clark, took the second prize, record 33 feet 10 inches. The run and high jump was won by D. Ballantyne, of Menan, record 5 feet one inch.

The ladies fifty yard dash was won by Maggie Jones, of Rigby. W. L. Green, of Menan, deserves special mention, as he won every foot race during the day contested by the Y. M. M. I. A. Prizes were awarded for each contest.

Passing Events.

William George Jordan, well known to our readers as the author of *Self-Control*, and a series of excellent articles now being printed in the ERA, entitled *The Crown of Individuality*, also the author of *Great Truths*, and other books, was appointed secretary to the House of Governors on July 15, 1910. We heartily congratulate Mr. Jordan upon this appointment which marks an important advance in the history of that institution. Having a permanent secretary will give the House of Governors a central agency and assist in keeping alive the movements with which it is concerned, and in shaping the programs for its successful annual meetings. Mr. Jordan was the originator of the idea of a House of Governors, and has shown untiring energy in transforming his idea into an institution. Hence, he is the best qualified man that could possibly be obtained for this post. His office will be a clearing house for the problems and the united deliberations of the executives of forty-eight states. The *New York Times* declares that "with the appointment of the secretary, the conference of the Governors rises over the status of informal meetings to that of a deliberative body, that is practically in session the year round." The next meeting will be held at Frankfort, Kentucky, November 29 to December 2. The present governors of the states and the thirty-one to be elected in November are expected to attend. It will interest readers of the IMPROVEMENT ERA to know that we have secured the right from Mr. Jordan to print his latest book, *Little Problems of Married Life*, the chapters of which will run serially, beginning in Vol. 14, soon as the present articles end.

John Griffin Carlisle, former Secretary of the Treasury, died in New York City, July 31. He was born in Kenton county, Kentucky, September 5, 1835. From 1877 to 1890 he was a prominent political character of this country, being a member of the National House of Representatives of which he was speaker from 1883 to 1889. He resigned to fill the unexpired term of James B. Beck in the United States Senate, from which he resigned again, in 1893, to become Secretary of the Treasury under President Grover Cleveland. When the Democratic party retired in 1897, he withdrew from politics and took up the practice of law in New York City.

The Value of the Imports of the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1910, was \$1,500,000,000, while the exports was about \$1,750,000,000, showing that the foreign commerce of the United States was greater last year than in any year preceding except 1907.

Your Subscription, my friend, expires with the next number. Order the new volume of the IMPROVEMENT ERA, today.

Priesthood Quorum Manuals, for the present year should be ordered now from the IMPROVEMENT ERA. The third year course will be issued in January.

J. Austin Hunter, of Grantsville, Utah, writes: "The ERA has been a source of inspiration to me, indeed, while in the mission field. I will always speak a good word for it. It is the best magazine I have ever read."

Niels Peterson, of Garland, says: "An elder in the field cannot afford to be without the ERA. It contains many gems of truth. I was indeed thankful for it." Let us add, neither can an elder at home afford to be without the ERA in his family.

The Senior and Junior Manuals, Y. M. M. I. A. will be ready early in September. Order now. You will find them to be among the best books you ever read. There are over seventy stories and anecdotes in the Junior Manual. Only 25 cents.

The Utah Canning Co., Ogden, a firm whose products are synonymous with pure food, puts up pork and beans, catsup, tomatoes and other good things that every lover of home manufacture should call for at his dealers. Every word the Manufacturers Association of Utah say of them is true. See Back Cover of the ERA.

George D. Kirby, of Sugar City, Idaho, writes: "I cannot refrain from speaking a few words of praise for the August number of the ERA. It's splendid. Particularly are the articles "Be Ye Clean," by George H. Brimhall, "The Friend," by Willard Done, and "The Martyr," by Elizabeth R. Cannon entitled to commendation. Best wishes for its continued success."

IMPROVEMENT ERA, SEPTEMBER, 1910.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,	} Editors	HECER J. GRANT, Business Manager
EDWARD H. ANDERSON,		MORONI SNOW, Assistant

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Manufacturers Association of Utah

VERMONT BUILDING, SALT LAKE CITY

D. F. COLLETT, Executive Secretary

TO DEALERS:

August 1st, 1910

The Manufacturers Association of Utah takes pleasure in directing your attention and that of your trade to the products of the **Utah Canning Company, Ogden**. The name of "PIERCE" is synonymous with **pure food**. The goods put out by this firm are not excelled by anything coming to this market. The list includes pork and beans, tomatoes, catsup, soups, hominy, Worcestershire sauce and jams. The firm has an immense pay-roll every month of the year, and the plant is conceded to be one of the cleanest and most up to date in the West. If you have not tried "Pierce" goods give them a trial, and if you like them, recommend them to your friends.

If the quality and price of Utah products are equal to goods from the outside, we owe it to ourselves and to our State to buy them. It is not economical nor even good sense to send money away for things that are and can be made here. Local merchants are pretty loyal as a rule to local industries, yet many could do much better than they are doing in pushing Utah-made goods to the front. It is only occasionally that a merchant is found who is indifferent and doesn't care whether he sells the home or the imported article. The attitude of such soon spreads around from neighbor to neighbor and hurts the merchant more than he realizes. We have in mind one man who had bought largely of a certain merchant. He asked for a home-made article and found that it was not carried. Instead of proffering to get the article, the clerk insisted in giving an outside brand, whereupon the customer walked out and has since been dealing elsewhere.

We single out the **Utah Canning Company** as being especially worthy of patronage, not only because of the quality and price of their goods, but because the firm is thoroughly progressive in every way. This commendation is entirely unsolicited by the firm, in fact they know nothing of the writing of this letter. They are esteemed members of this association, and are ever to the front in helping to promote its interests and the interests of fellow manufacturers.

Respectfully,

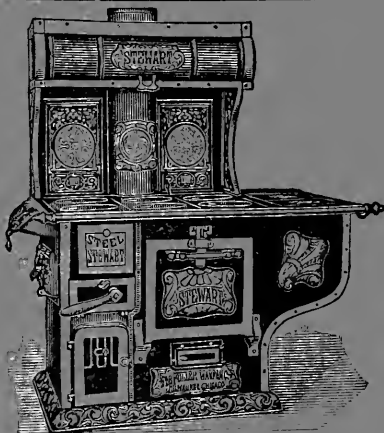
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D. F. COLLETT, Secretary.

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